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TERRORISTS SET FIRE TO EAST END SYNAGOGUE

WARNING TO JEWS IN PALESTINE

ACTION OF MYSTERIOUS "NATIONAL GUARD"

LONDON, DEC. 13.
A NEW ORGANISATION IN GREAT BRITAIN, DESCRIBING ITSELF AS THE "NATIONAL GUARD," IS BELIEVED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SETTING FIRE TO A SYNAGOGUE IN THE EAST END OF LONDON EARLY TO-DAY. ONE OF THE HOLY SCROLLS WAS BURNED.

The fire followed a telephone call to a London news agency office by an unknown man who described himself as "a representative of the National Guard," and added that "a synagogue was destroyed by fire in Lea Bridge Road to-night. This is a warning to the terrorists in Palestine that unless their policy against British troops ceases the National Guard will meet terror with greater terror."

The caller declined to give further details and rang off.

Scotland Yard officials were to-day endeavouring to trace the persons who set fire to the synagogue. It was stated that the synagogue was entered through a broken window, holy scrolls were unrolled and strewn in disorder, and a bottle of paraffin was found near them.

The fire occurred during one of the worst fogs London has experienced for years.

A spokesman of the synagogue told Reuters to-day: "Holy scrolls were desecrated. This is a very serious business. The ark in which the scrolls are kept is of exquisite craftsmanship and is recognised as one of the finest in London."

A spokesman of the Jewish Agency told Reuters: "We have never heard of the National Guard. There are a lot of Fascist organisations about, operating under all kinds of names."

Dayan H. M. Lazarus, acting Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, told Reuters that "the attempt to fire Lea Road Synagogue is sheer sacrilege. Whoever made the attempt has no regard for our religious belief."

Meanwhile, a police cordon was thrown round the office of a Coventry newspaper yesterday after receipt of a warning of a bomb explosion. Trains arriving at Coventry were searched. Nothing happened.

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Britain To Recall Ambassador From Spain

New York, Dec. 13.
The United Nations General Assembly resolution passing the Franco Spain issue to its member nations was followed by an announcement from a Government source in London that Britain would recall Sir Victor Mallet, Ambassador to Spain.

The informant said that Mr. D. F. Howard would be designated as British Charge d'Affaires in Madrid and the Embassy would probably be reduced to the status of a Legation.

In Madrid, a Spanish Foreign Ministry spokesman said that it was too early for comment on the United Nations Assembly vote.

Diplomats in Madrid who would be affected by the United Nations resolution include Ministers from the Dominican Republic and El Salvador, which voted against the United Nations resolution, the Netherlands and Turkey, which abstained from voting.

All other United Nations diplomatic missions in Spain are headed by Charge d'Affaires, some of whom have the personal rank of Ministers, but not Ministers Plenipotentiary. The United States has had no Ambassador in Madrid since the return of Norman Armour, Associated Press.

Big Issues Face United Nations General Assembly

Flushing, Dec. 13.
The Big Three Powers have lined up their foreign affairs first teams for the climactic United Nations General Assembly session to-night, where disarmament will be the chief item of discussion.

The U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. James F. Byrnes, will speak for the first time since the Assembly met, possibly to seize the initiative from the Russians by listing how many troops the United States has and just where they are located.

The Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Molotov, and the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, are also expected to speak on disarmament, which is headed for reduction of arms was adopted unanimously by the Political and Security Committee.

To-day's agenda is loaded with dynamite. Beginning with the veto issue, it embraces trusteeship and is expected to wind up with disarmament and possibly the troop census.

The Assembly President, Mr. Paul Henri Spaak, urged the delegates to sit until "2 a.m. or so" if necessary to finish the day's business.—United Press.

COMPLAINT OF GERMAN TRADE UNIONISTS

Hamburg, Dec. 13.
Warning that "the least disturbance in supplies will produce the gravest crisis," the Administrative Executive of Free Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies has made a joint appeal to "the entire world," the British News Service in Germany reported to-day.

The appeal blamed supply conditions for the "extremely tense situation in the British zone," and added: "Grain imports have remained far below the programme, meat rations are one-eighth and fat rations one-tenth of what they were before the war."

"Whole catches, which provide the basis of maritime production, have been prohibited and the fishing fleet granted to Germany is small and inefficient. We want to work in order to make good. We want to work to alleviate our need and start out on the path of peaceful democratic development for the good of all peoples.—Reuter.

UNO Assembly Debates Big Five Veto

Flushing, Dec. 13.
The United Nations General Assembly began its discussion on the recommendation to the Security Council dealing with the use of the veto power in future in a half-empty hall to-day.

Australia's Mr. Norman Makin, whose motion for the calling of a conference of the United Nations to discuss revision of the veto clause of the Charter was defeated in the Political Committee, told the Assembly to-day that future events would decide whether it would be necessary to raise the question again in the next session of the Assembly.

Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, of Russia, in a 45-minute speech directed largely at what he described as Australian and Cuban attempts to undermine the rule of unanimity of the permanent members of the Security Council, accused Britain and the United States of backing them.

It would be a direct threat to peace, he said, to restrict that principle and especially to eliminate it completely. Opponents of the veto, he asserted, were usually representatives of "societies which defended Fascism in Spain and racialism in South Africa."

Mr. Vyshinsky added, "The activities of opponents would not be of great interest, although characterized by an attitude hostile to the Soviet Union, had not the United States and Britain stood behind these delegations. The Soviet Government attached particular importance to this question, he said. The proposals before the Assembly were entirely unacceptable."

The United States delegate, Senator Warren Austin, said the resolution before the Assembly came close to reflecting the point of view not only of the United States, but also of an overwhelming majority of the United Nations. "I will accept this resolution in the spirit in which it is offered—as a noble and genuine contribution to the cause of international peace.—Reuter.

ALLOCATIONS OF ITALIAN FLEET STILL SECRET

New York, Dec. 13.
The Council of Foreign Ministers, after reaching complete agreement on all outstanding points in the five peace treaties with Italy, Finland, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria last night signed a protocol agreeing to take all steps to secure designation by the Security Council of the Governor of Trieste at the earliest possible date, so as to assure the appointment of a governor simultaneously with the coming into force of the treaties.

The clause of the Italian treaty remains secret, namely, that of the final allocation of the Italian Fleet between Russia, the United States and Great Britain. It was decided to maintain in existence the Council of Foreign Ministers' Naval Commission, who will draw up a protocol covering this subject.

The Foreign Ministers agreed to issue to-night the text of the agreement to call within six months of the coming into force of the peace treaties with Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary a conference to work out a new convention regarding navigation on the Danube.

An agreement was quickly reached on the civil aviation clause of the Italian Treaty, which had produced lengthy controversy at the two recent sessions, when M. Molotov yielded on the inclusion of the right of commercial planes to land on free territory airfields for re-fuelling or repair.—Reuter.

FOREIGN LEGION FOR INDO-CHINA

Paris, Dec. 13.
Sixteen hundred members of the French Foreign Legion left Marseilles to-day aboard the liner Pastour for Saigon, it was officially announced. The Legionnaires arrived from Oran yesterday.—Reuter.

GOVERNMENT P.R.O. DIES SUDDENLY

Mr A. Pollock, who returned early this month in the aircraft carrier Victorious to resume his position as Hongkong Government Press Relations Officer, collapsed suddenly and died in the Peninsula Hotel about 7 a.m. to-day.

The late Mr Pollock became ill shortly before the Victorious reached Hongkong, and on arrival immediately entered Queen Mary Hospital. His condition improved, however, and he left hospital on Wednesday and took up residence in the Peninsula.

A resident of many years standing, he was before the war manager of the Advertising and Publicity Bureau here. He was also an officer of the Hongkong Naval Volunteer Reserve, and left Hongkong on service early during the hostilities. He later served with a Psychological Warfare unit in India, Burma and other theatres until the liberation of Hongkong, when he returned with the Civil Affairs unit and opened the Press Relations Office. He left on demobilization in January this year.

He is survived by a wife and step-daughter, who also came in the Victorious.

Truman Acts To Get U.S. Grain Stocks Moved

Washington, Dec. 13.
President Truman has signed a strongly-phrased priority order in an attempt to guarantee sufficient rail transport for shipments of grain overseas, it was learned authoritatively to-day.

He signed the measure last night and the overall United States anti-famine programme was closely examined at a full-scale Cabinet meeting at which President Truman presided at the White House to-day.

The rail priority order is understood to empower the Office of Defense Transportation to commandeer sufficient rail wagons to guarantee at least 800 loadings daily—the amount necessary if the United States is to meet its 400,000,000 bushels programme for the whole 1946-7 crop year.

It was hoped the priority order will enable even faster loadings to be carried out to break the transport bottleneck holding up fulfilment of the nation's anti-famine programme and enable the programme to be raised to an overall figure of 550,000,000 bushels.

Shortly—probably later to-day—the figures of grain the United States intends to export to various countries during January, will be announced by the Department of Agriculture.

It was originally intended to announce the figures for the whole of the first quarter of 1947, but it has now been decided not to fix the schedule for the months after January, pending proof of the effectiveness of the rail priority order.

British officials are anxiously awaiting publication of the January figures, since if their minimum requests are not met it will further endanger the United Kingdom's low wheat stocks.—Reuter.

Blum's Search For "Crisis Government"

Paris, Dec. 13.
Battling against time and France's daily worsening economic plight, M. Leon Blum, newly elected premier, to-day set next Tuesday as the deadline for completion of his "crisis government."

The aged Socialist, who yesterday was summoned from retirement to rescue his country from threatened economic disaster, this morning resumed his preliminary interviews with the heads of all political parties. He had interviews with M. Claudius Petit of the Left Republican Union, M. Marcel Rocard of the Independent Republicans, M. Jules Hanny of the Republican Liberty Party, M. Paul Antier of the small Peasant Group and M. Hachemi Benchenouf of the Franco-Muslim group.

The general expectation is that the cabinet will include Communists, Socialists, Republicans and MRP with possibly an Independent.—United Press.

Conservative Party Accused Of Carrying On "Divide And Rule"

London, Dec. 13.
An accusation that the Conservative Party was "continuing its traditional policy of divide and rule," was made in the House of Commons to-day, during the resumed debate on India, by the Labour member, Mr William G. Cope.

Amid cries of "nonsense" from Conservatives and objections from the Labour ranks, Mr Cope said Britain had encouraged communal differences in her Indian empire.

"The fact of the matter is, we in Britain cannot hold India by power," he said. "We have lost command of the sea and America now has the biggest fleet in the world—in fact, the biggest fleet the world has ever seen. The greatest factor in holding the British Empire together was our sea power, but this has slipped from us and we have not the power to hold the Empire together on the basis of power politics."

This drew a rebuke from Mr A. V. Alexander, Defence Minister designate, who asked Mr Cope to be "more careful in his choice of words."

To another interjection, this time from a Conservative, Mr Cope said he had not suggested that the American Navy constituted a danger to Britain's power in India.

Administration Weak
Mr Godfrey Nicholson asked: "Do I understand the Government accept as a fact that the administration in India is gravely weak and that for some months or years to come it will have a great strain put upon it during the interim period. Is their answer that there is nothing whatever they can do about it?"

Mr A. V. Alexander, who was a member of the Cabinet Mission to India, replied: "That position has been going on for years and years. We are fully conscious of the danger ourselves and we took consultations, as I have already explained, and got unanimous advice from the Indian authorities."

"I beg all leaders of Indian thought, I beg the people of this country, while thanking them for supporting our general efforts up to

ALL-SLAV CONGRESS

Belgrade, Dec. 14.
A new five-nation Slav alliance, to "fight against spreading lies against the Soviet Union," emerged from the All-Slav Congress here.

The organisation embraces Russia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia and 12 component Slavic nationalities.

Recommendations of the Soviet delegate, Belgrade was chosen as permanent seat as an expression of deep respect for the Yugoslav peoples who were the first victims of the Fascist occupation to unite in the general struggle against the enemy.—Associated Press.

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"WHITE SAVAGE"

In Technicolor!

A Universal Super Production

FILM FAN FARE



In Cary Grant's picture, "Mr. Lucky," the actor portrays a gambler who, in his efforts to raise money, becomes involved with a woman's war aid association. Forced to play the game as he finds it, "Lucky Joe, the Greek" (Cary) must persevere to learn to knit! It is an awful spot—but Joe falls in line, to the amazement and amusement of an audience that gathers outside.

NEWS OF FILMS AND PLAYERS

DARRYL ZANUCK is so pleased with the performance of **Peggy Cummins** in a minor role in "The Late George Apley" that he has sent an order to all his executives to look out for an important story to star the little Irish actress who was originally brought to Hollywood for the role of Amber in "Forever Amber."

TALKING of rushing, **Lizabeth Scott** finished "Dead Reckoning" with **Humphrey Bogart** at 5 p.m. on a Wednesday. And at 5.30 the next morning she started her new picture for **Hal Wallis**, "Desert Town," in which, by the way, her mother is **Mary Astor**.

THE Dowling sisters are doing all right—now it is **Conic** who has a lead with **Chester Morris**. Sister **Doris** was the girl-in-the-bar who loved **Ray Milland** in "The Lost Weekend."

STARS come and go but **Richard Dix** goes on forever. He started a new picture in late November, "The Hunter is a Fugitive," another in the "Whistler" thriller series.

FRED MacMURRAY has purchased the comedy "Innocent Affair," and will star in it for his own independent mutual productions.

"TUBBIE", a 14-year-old Scotty, which had been a constant companion of **Bette Davis** since the dog was a puppy, was run over and killed by a car recently. The dog, deaf and almost blind, was a familiar figure at the studio where she invariably accompanied her mistress.

VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF, the actor, swears in Russian, uses English for all practical purposes, and dreams in French! Each language, says he, is the best for those particular purposes. He is currently lending his talents to "Clock and Dagger," a film about the OSS.

Technicolour Life Of Cole Porter

Cole Porter, the famous composer whose career is the basis for the technicolor musical, "Night and Day," now being made by Warner Bros., is probably the only song writer of note who did not begin his professional climb from the slums or a "honky tonk."

He was born on a mid-Western farm, but, not too long after that fundamental and initially important event, he began moving in the smartest of circles, aided and abetted by an inheritance of some seven millions of dollars!

Mr. Porter did more than move in the smartest of circles. On many occasions he showed the smartest of the smart set what it really was to be smart. In Paris, where he lived during the roaring 20's, he furnished his house from garret to wine cellar with zebra rugs, platinum wallpaper and red lacquered chairs covered with white kid.

Porter is also one of the few tunesmiths who is not concerned with the success or failure of his compositions. On the opening night of a Broadway show, while everyone else involved in the production is anxiously having a nervous breakdown, Porter will invariably be found, nattily dressed, sporting a new piece of jewellery, and calmly putting at a cigarette which he takes from a "spectacular" gold case.

SWEDEN'S NO. 1 ACTRESS

SWEDEN has provided the screen world with some of its greatest stars. The latest to emerge is **Mal Zetterling** who, with one film, has become Sweden's No. 1 star, and on the strength of her success in "Frenzy" has been invited to England to make her first British film appearance in "Frieda" for Ealing Studios.

WHO WERE THEY?

Naturally you can identify the screen stars known as the **Beard**, the **Body**, the **Groaner**, the **Look** and the **Snooze**—but how are you on trade marks of the celebrities of long ago? For instance, who was....

1. The Siren?
2. The Voice? (about 1928)
3. The Platinum Blonde?
4. Deadpan?
5. America's Sweetheart?
6. The Flapper Girl?
7. Bounding Boy? (before Jr.)
8. The Smiling Villain?
9. The Great Profile?
10. The Fat Man? (before Sydney Greenstreet)

Answers are given at the foot of the next column.

CINEMA GUIDE

Showing To-day

KING'S—The Thin Man Goes Home.
QUEEN'S—A-Haunting We Will Be.
ALHAMBRA—Aloma of the South Seas.
Next Change
KING'S—Best Foot Forward (To-morrow).
QUEEN'S—Guest Wife (To-morrow).
ALHAMBRA—Appointment in Tokyo (Wednesday).

She travelled to England by air with her husband, the Norwegian ballet dancer, **Samuel Tuttle Lemkow**.

Mal (pronounced "My") is demure, petite, tilt-nosed and blonde, quite unlike preconceived notions of Swedish stars. She is fascinating, intense, anything but showy.

This is her second visit to London, but she was a child of seven the last time, and it was after a four-year stay in Adelaide, Australia. But she had not spoken English again until director **Basil Dearden** went to Stockholm recently and interviewed her. She has been taking lessons since then. The extraordinary thing is that although she can speak only a little English, she can understand every word that is said.

This, as it happens, suits her part admirably, for as **Frieda** she first appears as a girl who can scarcely speak English, mastering the language as the story develops.

"Frenzy" attracted attention to her. This notable Swedish picture was shown in London recently and was acclaimed by the press. It will be shown in America soon.

Prior to "Frenzy" **Mal Zetterling** was on the Stockholm stage. Since then, she has made three more films.

NEAT COMEDY OF ERRORS

In "Guest Wife," which comes to-morrow to the Queen's, all the elements for a rip-roaring comedy are neatly ruled together.

Chris Price (Dick Foran) and his adoring wife, **Mary** (Claudette Colbert), are about to depart for New York on a belated honeymoon. Their gay plans, however, are disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Joe Parker (Don Ameche), Chris' best friend, college chum and globe-trotting reporter, who is en route to New York from the Orient. In the last-minute confusion, Chris misses the train. Next, Mary finds herself in New York with Joe... and is mistaken for his wife.

To save Joe from possible disaster, Mary continues the deception. This hoax—known as a "kibble"—dangerously gathers momentum. A "kibble," incidentally, is a story you tell someone and then get a third person to confirm.

Chris, unfortunately, is detained, and Mary, left to her own devices, finds herself an unwilling participant in one compromising situation after another.

FASHIONS IN PAREUS

Whoever said South Sea Islanders are not style conscious had better hold everything and go to the Alhambra to see "Aloma of the South Seas."

First, there's a 1940 successor to the sarong—it's called a **PAREU**.

Second, there are different pareus for every occasion. One for the kitchen, another for street wear, a smartly tailored yard or so for evening sleeping, still more for swimming, sleeping and rituals.

Third, there are pareus to bring good luck, good health and good times.

But all of them look like an abbreviated dream and make last year's sarong look as out of style as old-fashioned laced corsets.

The picture stars **Dorothy Lamour** and **Jon Hall**.

Answers

1. Theda Bara. 2. Conrad Nagel. 3. Jean Harlow. 4. Buster Kenton. 5. Mary Pickford. 6. Colleen Moore. 7. Douglas Fairbanks. 8. Roy D'Arcy. 9. John Barrymore. 10. John Bunny.

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STAN LAUREL and **OLIVER HARDY** and **DANTE THE MAGICIAN**

A-HAUNTING WE WILL GO

ADDED! LATEST MARCH OF TIME! — TO-MORROW —

HE LENDS HER

HE BORROWS HER...

AS A LEND-LEASE RIFE SHE RAYS FROM BOTH BACKS—BUT GOOD!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and **DON AMECHE**

"GUEST WIFE"

SUNDAY MORNING PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M. **"CASABLANCA"** with **Humphrey BOGART** and **Ingrid BERGMAN**

ORIENTAL

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TWO WOLVES IN SHEIKS' CLOTHING... MEET THE QUEEN OF ARABY!

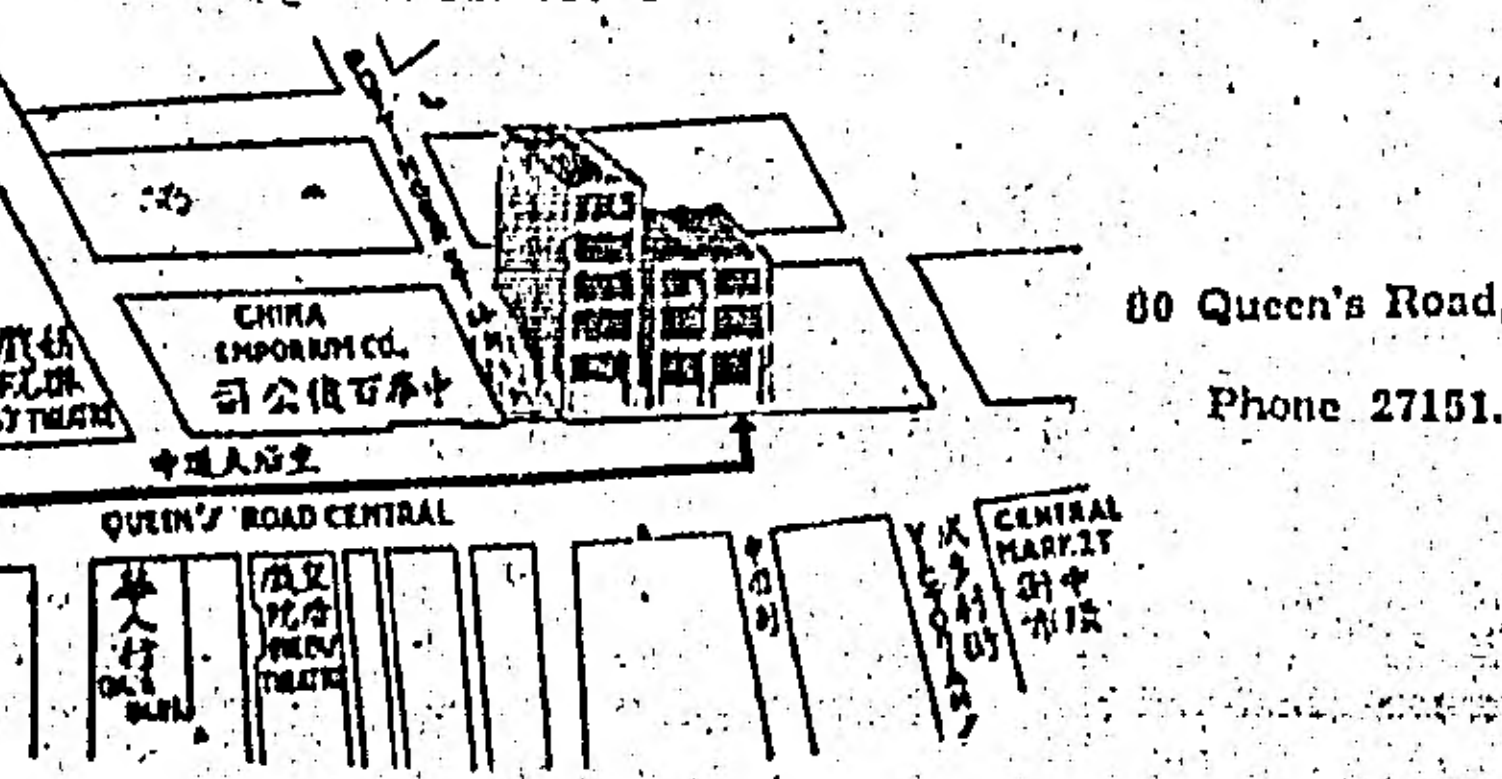
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CAROLINE'S CHRISTMAS, or, the Inexplicable Infant

**STEPHEN
LEACOCK**
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It was Xmas—Xmas with its mantle of white snow scintillating from a thousand diamond points; Xmas with its good cheer, its peace on earth; Xmas with its feasting and merriment; Xmas with its—well, anyway, it was Xmas.

Or no, that's a slight slip; it wasn't exactly Xmas; it was Xmas Eve, with its mantle of snow lying beneath the calm moonlight—and, in fact, with practically the above list of accompanying circumstances with a few obvious emendations.

Yes, it was Xmas Eve. And more than that! Listen to where it was Xmas.

It was Xmas Eve on the Old Homestead. Reader, do you know, by sight, the Old Homestead? In the pauses of your work at your city desk, where you have grown rich and avuncular, does it never rise before your mind's eye, the quiet old homestead that knew you as a boy, before your greed of gold tore you away from it? The Old Homestead, that stands beside the road just on the rise of the hill, with its dark spruce trees wrapped in snow, the snug barns and straw stacks behind it, while from its windows there streams a shaft of light from a coal-oil lamp, about as thick as a slate pencil, that you can see four miles away, from the other side of the road and huddle of the city, with its ill-gotten wealth and its godless creed of man-meat, to think of the quiet homestead under the brow of the hill? You don't! Well, you skunk!

It was Xmas Eve. The light shone from the windows of the homestead farm. The light of the log fire rose and flickered and mingled its red glare on the windows with the calm yellow of the lamp-light.

JOHN ENDERBY and his wife sat in the kitchen room of the farmstead. Do you know it, reader, the room called the kitchen?—with the open fire on its old brick hearth and the cook stove in the corner. It is the room of the farm where people cook and eat and live. It is the living-room.

At any rate there sat old John Enderby beside the plain deal table, his head bowed upon his hands, his

grizzled face with its unshorn stubble stricken down with the lines of devastating trouble. From time to time he rose and cast a fresh stick of tamarack into the fire with a savage thrust that sent a shower of sparks up the chimney. Across the fire-place sat his wife Anna on a straight-backed chair, looking into the fire with the mute resignation of her sex.

What was wrong with them anyway? Ah, reader, can you ask? Do you know or remember so little of the



life of the old homestead? When I have said that it is the Old Homestead and Xmas Eve, and that the farmer is in great trouble and throwing tamarack at the fire, surely you ought to guess!

THE Old Homestead was mortgaged! Ten years ago, reckless with debt, crazed with remorse, mad with despair and persecuted with rheumatism, John Enderby had mortgaged his farmstead for twenty-four dollars and thirty cents.

To-night the mortgage fell due, to-night at midnight, Xmas night. Such is the way in which mortgages of this kind are always drawn. Yes, sir, it was drawn with such diabolical skill that on this night of all nights the mortgage would be foreclosed. At midnight the men would come with hammer and nails and foreclose it, nail it up tight.

Anna, with the patient resignation of her sex, sat silent, or at times endeavored to read. She had taken down from the little wall-shelf Dunstan's "Holy Living and Holy Dying." She tried to read it. She could not. Then she had taken Dante's "Inferno." She could not read it. Then she had selected Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." But she could not read it either. Lastly, she had taken the Farmer's Almanac for 1911. The books lay littered about her as she sat in patient despair.

John Enderby showed all the passion of an uncontrolled nature. At times he would reach out for the crock of buttermilk that stood beside him and drained a draught of the maddening liquid, till his brain glowed like the coals of the tamarack fire before him.

"John," pleaded Anna, "leave alone the buttermilk. It only maddens you. No good ever came of that."

"Aye, lass," said the farmer, with a bitter laugh, as he buried his head again in the crock. "What care I if it maddens me?"

"Ah, John, you'd better be employed in reading the Good Book than in your wild courses. Here, take it, father, and read it!"—and she handed to him the well-worn black volume from the shelf. Enderby paused a moment and held the volume in his hand. He and his wife had known nothing of religious teaching in the "public schools" of their day, but the first-class, non-sectarian education that the farmer had received had stood him in good stead.

"Take the book," she said. "I read, John, in this hour of affliction; it brings comfort."

THE farmer took from her hand the well-worn copy of Euclid's "Elements," and, laying aside his hat with reverence, he read aloud: "The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and whosoever shall produce the sides to, the same also shall be equal each unto each."

The farmer put the book aside.

"It's no use, Anna. I can't read the good words to-night."

He rose, staggered to the crock of buttermilk, and, before his wife could stay his hand, drained it to the last drop.

Then he sank heavily to his chair.

"Let them foreclose it, if they will," he said; "I am past caring."

The woman looked sadly into the fire.

Ah, if only her son Henry had been here. Henry, who had left them three years ago, and whose bright letters still brought from time to time the gleam of hope to the stricken farmhouse.

Henry was in Sing-Sing. His letters brought news to his mother of his steady success; first in the baseball nine of the prison, a favorite with his wardens and the chaplain, the best bridge player of the corridor. Henry was pushing his way to the front with the old-time spirit of the Enderbys.

His mother had hoped that he might have been with her at Xmas, but Henry had written that it was practically impossible for him to leave Sing-Sing. He could not see his way out. The authorities were arranging a dance and sleighing party for the Xmas celebration. He had some hope, he said, of slipping away unnoticed, but his doing so might excite attention.

Of the trouble at home Anna had told her son nothing.

No, Henry could not come. There was no help there. And William, the other son, ten years older than Henry. Alas! William had gone forth from the old homestead to fight his way in the great city. "Mother," he had said, "when I make a million dollars I'll come home. Till then good-bye," and he had gone.

How Anna's heart had beat for him. Would he make that million dollars? Would she ever live to see it? And as the years passed she and John had often sat in the evenings, picturing William at home again, bringing with him a million dollars, or picturing the million dollars sent by express with love. But the years had passed. William came not. He did not come.

Anna started from her musing.

WHAT was that at the door? The sound of a soft and timid rapping, and through the glass of the door-cane, a face, a woman's face looking into the fire-lit room with pleading eyes. What was it she bore in her arms, the little bundle that she held tight to her breast to shield it from the falling snow? Can you guess, reader? Try three guesses and see. Right you are. That's what it was.

The farmer's wife went hastily to the door.

"Lord's mercy!" she cried. "What are you doing out on such a night? Come in, child, to the fire!"

The woman entered, carrying the little bundle with her, and looking with wide eyes (they were at least an inch and a half across) at Enderby and his wife. Anna could see that there was no wedding-ring on her hand.

"Your name?" said the farmer's wife.

"My name is Caroline," the girl whispered. "I want shelter," she paused. "I want you to take the child."

Anna took the baby and laid it carefully on the top shelf of the cupboard, then she hastened to bring a glass of water and a dough-nut, and set it before the half-frozen girl.

"Eat," she said, "and warm yourself."

John rose from his seat.

"I'll have no child of that sort here," he said.

"John, John," pleaded Anna. "Remember what the Good Book says: Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another!"

John sank back in his chair.

AND why had Caroline no wedding-ring? Ah, reader, can you not guess. Well, you can't. It wasn't what you think at all; so there. Caroline had no wedding-ring because she had thrown it away in bitterness, as she tramped the streets of the great city. "Why," she cried, "should the wife of a man in the penitentiary wear a ring?"

Then she had gone forth with the child from what had been her home.

It was the old and story.

She had taken the baby and laid it tenderly, gently on a seat in the park. Then she walked rapidly away. A few minutes after a man had chased after Caroline with the little bundle in his arms. "I beg your pardon," he said, musing, "I think you have left your baby in the park." Caroline thanked him.

Next she took the baby to the Grand Central waiting-room, kissed it tenderly, and laid it on a shelf behind the lunch-counter.

A few minutes later an official, beaming with satisfaction, had brought it back to her.

"Yours, I think, madame," he said, as he handed it to her. Caroline thanked him.

Then she had left it at the desk of the Waldorf Astoria, and at the ticket-office of the subway. It always came back.

THEN Caroline had taken the child to the country. At first she thought to leave it on the wayside, and she had put it down in the snow, and standing a little distance off, had thrown mullein stalks at it, but something in the way the little bundle lay covered in the snow appealed to the mother's heart.

Anna, with true woman's kindness, asked no questions. She put the baby carefully away in a trunk, saw Caroline safely to bed in the best room, and returned to her seat beside the fire.

The old clock struck twenty minutes past eight.

AGAIN a knock sounded at the door.

There entered the familiar figure of the village lawyer. His astrakhan coat of yellow dogskin, his celluloid collar, and boots which reached no higher than the ankle, contrasted with the rude surroundings of the little room.

"Enderby," he said, "can you pay?"

"Lawyer Perkins," said the farmer, "give me time and I will; so help me, give me five years more and I'll clear this debt to the last cent."

"John," said the lawyer, touched in spite of his rough, (dopkin) exterior, "I couldn't. If I would. These things are not what they were. It's a big New York corporation, Pincham and Company, that makes these loans now, and they take their money on the day, or they sell you up. I can't help it. So there's your notice, John, and I am sorry! No, I'll take no buttermilk, I must keep a clear head to work, and with that he hurried out into the snow again.

John sat brooding in his chair.

THE old clock struck half-past eight, then it half struck a quarter to nine, then slowly it struck striking.

Presently Enderby rose, picked a lantern from its hook. "Mortgage or no mortgage," he said, "I must see to the stock."

He passed out of the house, and standing in the yard, looked over the snow to the cedar swamp beyond with the snow winding

As he reached the house a sleigh was standing on the roadway. Anna met him at the door. "John," she said, "there was a stranger came while you were in the barn, and wanted a lodging for the night, a city man, I reckon, by his clothes. I halted to refuse him, and I put him in Willie's room. We'll never want it again, and he's gone to sleep."

"Ay, we can't refuse."

John Enderby took out the horse to the barn and then returned to his vigil with Anna beside the fire.

The fumes of the buttermilk had died out of his brain. He was, thinking, as he sat there, of midnight and what it would bring.

IN the room above the man in the seal-skin coat had thrown himself down, clothes and all, upon the bed, fired with his drive.

"How it all comes back to me," he muttered as he fell asleep. "The same old room, nothing changed—except this—how worn they look!" and a tear started to his eyes. He thought of his leaving his home fifteen years ago, of his struggle in the great city, of the great idea he had conceived of making money, and of the Farm Investment Company he had instituted—the simple system of applying the crushing power of capital to exact the uttermost penny from the farm loans. And now here he was back again, true to his word, with a million dollars in his belt. "To-morrow," he had murmured, "I will tell them. It will be Xmas." Then William—yes, reader, it was William, had fallen asleep.

(Continued on Page 10)

through it, far in the distance the lights of the village far away.

Down in the swamp, two miles away, could he but have seen it, there moved a sleigh, and in it a man dressed in a seal-skin coat and silk hat, whose face beamed in the moonlight as he turned to and fro and stared at each object by the roadside as at an old familiar scene.

Round his waist was a belt containing a million dollars in gold coin, and as he halted his horse in an opening of the road he unstrapped the belt and counted the coins.

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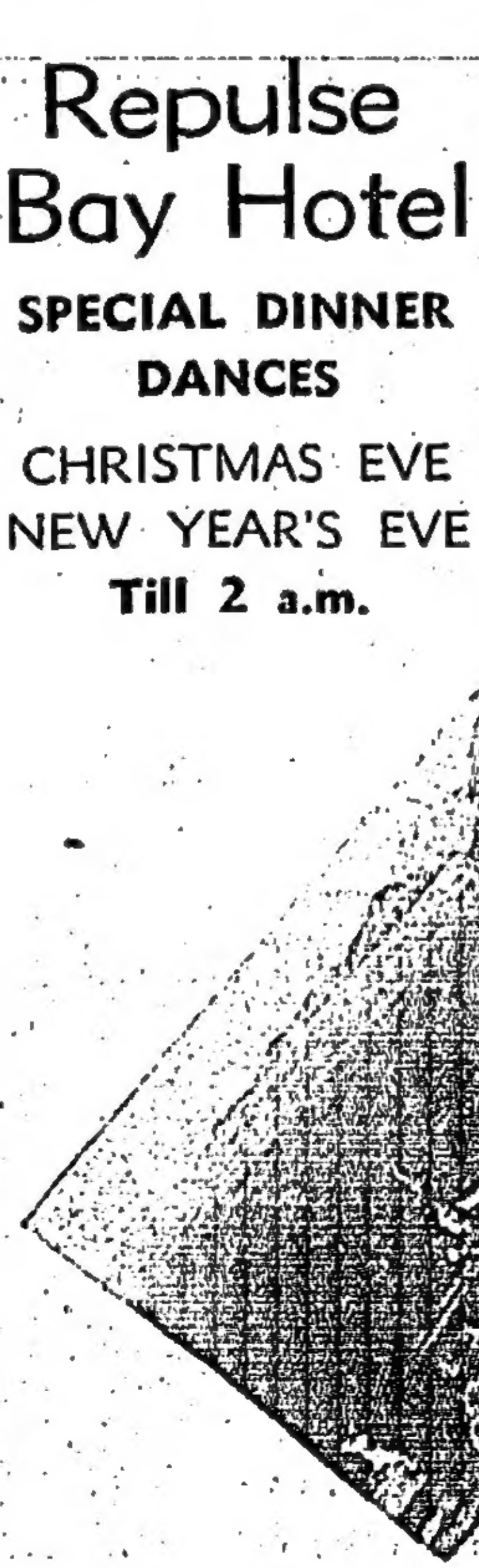
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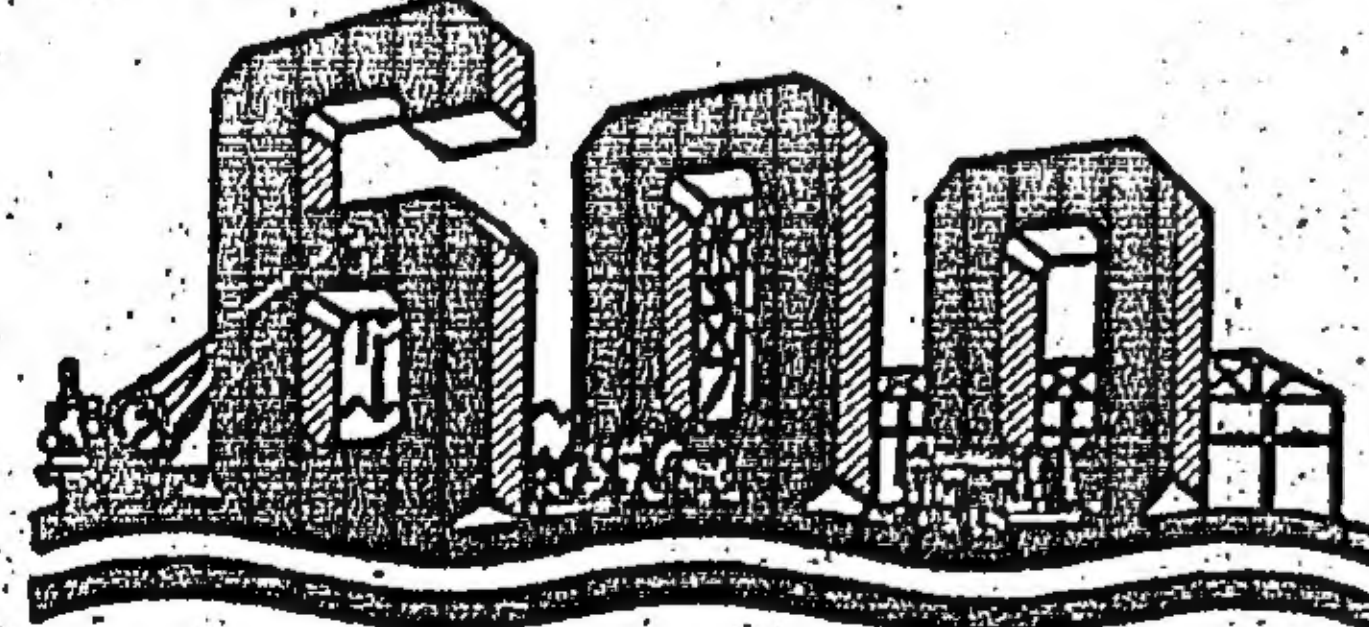
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The Origins Of THE YULE LOG: MISTLETOE: TURKEYS: CHRISTMAS TREES: SANTA CLAUS

THE first thing you must agree to do if you want a really old-fashioned Christmas is not to keep it on December 25 at all, but eleven days later.

Until 1763, when the English calendar was brought into line with the Continental by cutting out all dates from October 5 to 15, Christmas was kept on what is now January 5.

Decorations were being put up about the time we now take them down, on Twelfth Night.

THE oldest Christmas rites are hanging holly and mistletoe and burning the Yule log. December 25 was a holy night in pre-Roman Britain. They called it the Mothers' Night, and was part of their ceremonies of Iol, or Yule, meaning a wheel, which suggests the revolution of the seasons.

They hung their dwellings with evergreens, to encourage the coming of spring, and were given by the Druids a piece of the sacred mistletoe, which had been cut with a golden knife.

If the mistletoe is cut in any other way, or touches the ground, it loses its magic.

You may have as many kisses under the mistletoe as there are berries on the bunch. After each kiss, a berry must be plucked.

AMONG traditional amusements are the waltz, dancing, dicing, and "keeping Christmas." The waltz was the early polka, who were ready to play and sing at all feasts.

Dicing was Queen Elizabeth's way of amusing herself at Christmas time. She enjoyed it, as she always won, since she had the good sense to play with a loaded dice that always turned up the highest number.

Card playing at Christmas became fashionable after Queen Anne's death because it was favoured at Court. George II was particularly fond of cards. "His attachment to cards," his biographer says, "was transferred to his attachment to the ladies, and it is said that what he gained by the one he lost by the other."

Pantomimes were invented by Mr. John Rich, of Lincoln's Inn Theatre, who produced the first on Boxing Day, 1717. What he did was to spoof out, between the acts of a serious play, the story of Columbine and Harlequin.

From the first he gave theatregoers surprising transformation scenes, and Harlequin, with a wave of his wand, would turn palaces and temples into huts and cottages, men into wheelbarrows, trees into houses, and workshops into animals.

Between 1717 and his death in 1761, Rich brought out a pantomime every year, and each ran between forty and fifty nights.

CHRISTMAS trees are German, and the Hanoverians failed to make them popular in England. Even as late as 1789, when Mr. Papendick proposed to entertain his children with an illuminated tree, mamma shook her head.

"I objected," she confided to her diary. "Our eldest girl, Charlotte, being only six, I thought our children too young to be amused at so much trouble and expense."



Princess Lieven had a Christmas tree at Penschinger in 1820, but it was not until Prince Albert introduced one to Windsor Castle in 1841 that they became essential to an English Christmas.

Any girl who is not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas will not be married during the next twelve months.

Married people must be just as careful about choosing holly as the unmarried must be about mistletoe. For if the house is decorated with prickly holly then, said the Druids, the husband will rule throughout the year, but if it is smooth, the wife will "wear the trousers."

A YULE log has to be brought home by the menfolk on Christmas Eve and kindled by the women with the remains of last year's, kept specially for the purpose. The girls must first wash their hands before setting the log ablaze.

The devil is powerless to do mischief to households where the Yule log has been properly burned.

In Scotland the Yule log must be of birch, stripped of its bark and dried beforehand, while in the north of England a large lump of coal will serve. What will do in Hongkong, custom has not decided, although Christmas has been celebrated here for over a hundred years.

STOCKING hanging is one of the practices that come to us from Santa Claus, the original Father Christmas.

Santa Claus isn't a Laplander at all, and never saw a reindeer in his life. Actually he was a Greek bishop, Nicholas of Myra, who lived in the fourth century. He was both generous and shy, and hated to be thanked for the presents he was continually making to those in need.

Once he climbed to a roof top and dropped a purse of gold down the chimney so that he would not be seen. The money, instead of falling in the fire, lodged in a child's stocking that had been hung up to dry on the mantelpiece.

That is the origin of stocking hanging. Whenever unexpected gifts came from unknown sources, they were attributed to St. Nicholas.

His vogue was spread in America by German and Scandinavian settlers, and introduced from there to England at the end of the eighteenth century. His name, St. Nicholas, became corrupted to Santa Claus. His gown of scarlet, trimmed with white, is a Swiss idea.

If you want a really old-fashioned Christmas dinner you must put aside all thought of turkey and plum pudding.

Turkeys, of course, are another American innovation, and have nothing to do with the English tradition.

Plum puddings were unknown until about 1730.

Real Christmas fare would include plum porridge. This was a strong broth of shin beef, spiced, with raisins, currants and prunes, double refined sugar and "strengthened" with two quarts of old hock and sherry. It was thickened with bread-crumbs and served in a tureen.

Barring turkeys, almost everything should be eaten at Christmas, but particularly if you can get them, peacocks and swans—the bird Disraeli so enjoyed eating. In the Middle Ages, the Christmas feast began about three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until midnight. Swans was the standard dish. In 1512 the Earl of Northumberland had five swans for Christmas, three for New Year's Day and four on Twelfth Night.

Peacocks were skinned before roasting and then re-coined in their feathers. The most beautiful woman in the company always had the honour of bringing in the peacock, but it was dry eating. "Three fat sheep," it was said, were needed to make gravy for one peacock.

WOMEN to-day don't bake for Christmas as they did in the past.

But one thing you must not fail to eat is mince pie, which Pepys, good Englishman that he was, well knew. On Christmas Day, 1662, he tells us: "I dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum porridge and a roasted pullet for dinner, and I sent for a mince pie abroad, my wife not being well to make any herself yet."

Mince pies should really be made of minced beef or mutton mixed with plums or sugar, but, unfortunately, over many centuries, the meat has grown less and less.

There is no luck in store for the man or woman who does not eat a mince pie at Christmas. To eat one is to be sure of at least one happy month. But if you wish for a happy twelvemonth, then you must eat a mince pie in each of the twelve days of Christmas.

ANNIVERSARIES OF NOTE IN DECEMBER

Three members of the British Royal Family celebrate their birthday in December, though in the case of King George VI, whose anniversary falls on December 14, official celebrations take place during the summer. This year the King will be 51.

The Duchess of Gloucester (born Christmas Day, 1901) and the Duchess of Kent (born December 13, 1900) are the other two December birthdays.

December, in fact is a notable month for anniversaries in the British Commonwealth. On December 2, 1627, St. Paul's Cathedral rose again from the ashes of the Great Fire. Thomas Carlyle, essayist and historian was born on the 4th (1795) and Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, was born on the 6th (1732). The 7th is the anniversary of the opening of the first Covent Garden Theatre in London in 1732.

Milton was born on December 9, 1608, and on the 11th there is an anniversary of much more recent memory. King George VI's accession to the Throne in 1936. W. M. Thackeray died on December 24, 1863.

And also in December two old political enemies have anniversaries. Benjamin Disraeli made his first speech in the House of Commons on the 7th in 1827, at which time the redoubtable Mr. W. E. Gladstone was shortly to celebrate his 28th birthday—on December 28.

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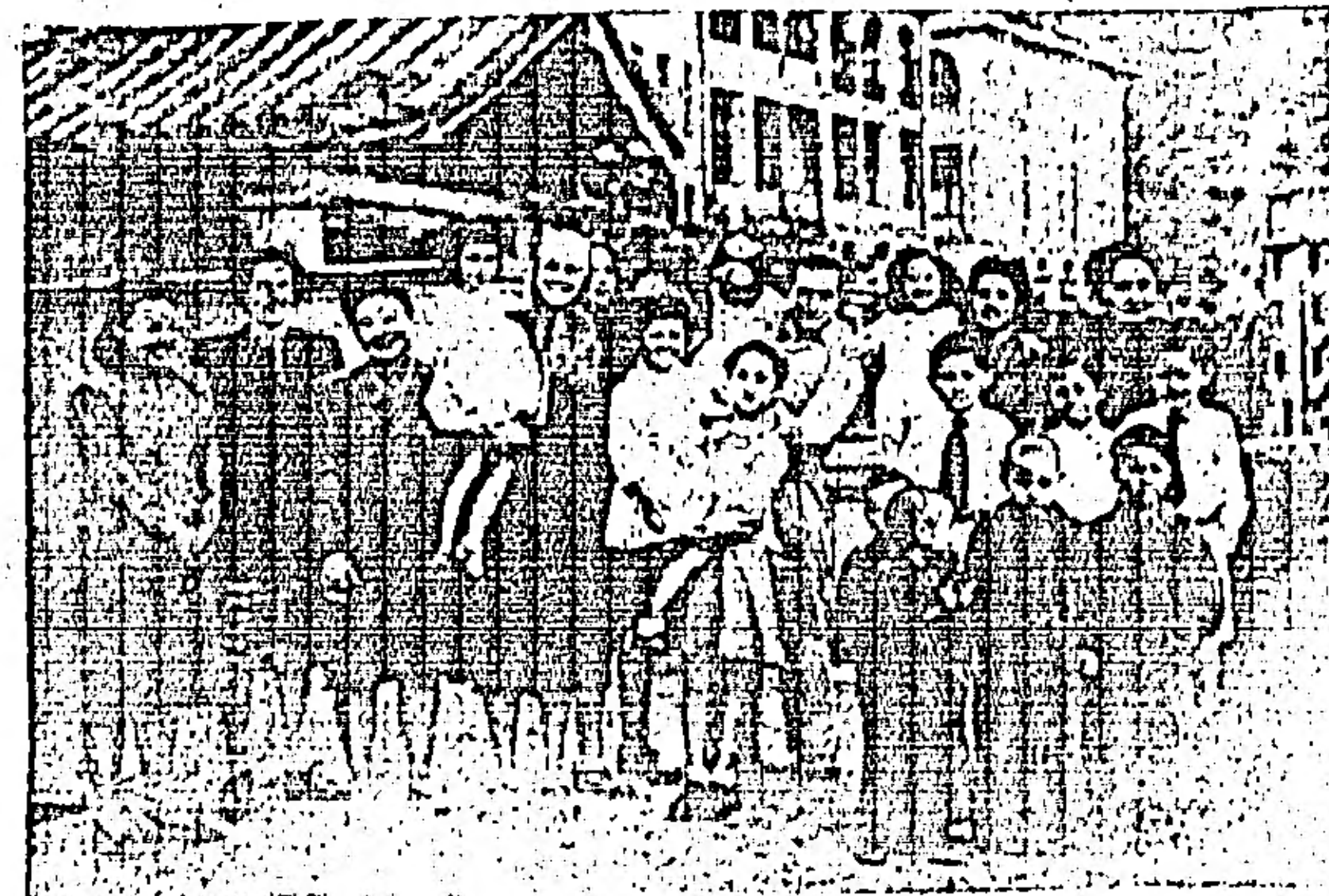
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Lady Cripps' Visit To Warphan Home

When Lady Cripps was in Hongkong recently, resting after her strenuous two-month trip inspecting the many far-flung relief projects in China maintained or aided by the British United Aid to China Fund, she paid a visit one morning to Fostling House, a private "orphanage" for children who lost their parents during the war. The photograph above was taken during the visit, and shows Her Ladyship (fourth from left) with one of the children.

The children entertained Lady Cripps with songs and music played on the piano.

Fostling House was started after the war by Mrs. Ronald Ching (third from left above), with the purpose of caring for children whose parents were in good circumstances before the war. The intention is to give these children as good an education and upbringing as they would have if their parents were alive. At present 15 children are cared for.

The home is privately managed, and is maintained by private funds. It is run just like any private home, and all the children constitute one family. Teachers visit the home daily to give regular lessons in Chinese, English, music and other subjects, while the health of the children is looked after by a few local doctors.

A LAWYER ACTRESS

A woman actress and budding lawyer has been playing the part of Gruschenka in "The Brothers Karamazov" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London.

Twenty-year-old Elisabeth Sellar has joined Lincoln's Inn (one of the ancient colleges at which would-be lawyers study) and will take her first law examination soon. She is determined to finish her studies as soon as possible in order to practise as a lawyer.

"Since I was a little girl I have always been interested in law and as soon as I could read properly, I tried to get hold of books about it," said Elisabeth, slim and pretty with black hair curled in the fashion of the 1890s. "As it happened," she continued, "nearly all my friends are lawyers and I spent hours talking with them about their profession. This hardened by determination to become a lawyer myself. Of course, my great love is the stage, and always has been, so it never occurred

to me to give it up. I believe it is possible to be both an actress and a lawyer, and between my two daily performances I concentrate on my books."

Before Elisabeth Sellar went to the Lyric Theatre she was on tour with a company through Scotland, returning to play in Eric Portman's production "Love from a Stranger". Now she is preparing a new part.

THE NARROW WAIST AGAIN

Women in Britain are confronted with the necessity of acquiring the narrow waist which the new fashions demand. Six years of a starchy diet—necessitated by shortages—has not helped, but fashion magazines and beauty experts are concentrating on exercises which will fine down that rib-line from armpits to waist. The hips, be it noted, seem to be out of the picture at the moment, for wider hips are part of the new fashion silhouette.

But the beauty specialists say that never have so many women crowded to their salons for treatment and exercises and the magazines report a fan mail on the subject of "how to slim" and "what to do" which is beginning to eclipse pre-war records. Ballet dancers, alone, are fortunate, for the demanding exercises which are part of their job keep their figures both slim and supple.

This is probably why some of the beauty specialists are now putting their clients through a kind of physical drill, which as nearly as possible approximates to the movements which, practised for hours every day, help the ballet dancer to keep every muscle under control and transform her, in spite of her ethereal appearance, into a creature of steel.

WAAF FERRY PILOTS

"Better uniforms being submitted. All in favour of silk stockings"

GROUP Officer Felicity Hanbury—the WAAF's new chief—at 33, the youngest head of any of the three women's Services, believes that all WAFFS should be air-minded. And that does not mean only that they should enjoy flying.



She is sympathetic—as a pilot holding a pre-war A licence—with the idea that WAFFS may fly aircraft as ferry pilots.

She also has ideas about the WAFFS' cap. "Nothing will induce us to stick to the one we've got now," she said recently.

Mrs. Hanbury also disclosed that a number of designs for a new WAAF uniform had been considered. "They have been whittled down to one which is being submitted for approval by the King. 'Until it has received Royal approval, the secret cannot be told, but I know that all ranks will think it an improvement on the present one. If this design is not approved, others will be submitted," she said.

Mrs. Hanbury added that whether WAFFS wear silk stockings or not will depend on supplies. But, she said, she was thoroughly in favour.

Highest Ideal

Mrs. Hanbury is enthusiastic about the WAAF as a peace-time career for girls.

"I believe implicitly in keeping the women's services on a permanent basis," she said. "Girls joining the Service will have the satisfaction of contributing directly to the cause of peace and progress. You can't have a much higher ideal than that."

The future of all three women's Services has been decided and a Government announcement is expected to be made in the House of Commons soon.

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STRIKING?



This dinner gown and jacket was one of the most striking creations displayed at the exciting Midnight Ball of Fashion held in the Royal Albert Hall under the auspices of the Guild of British Creative Designers. Scores of Britain's most beautiful mannequins modelled the gowns.

Coming Of Age Of A Princess

On April 21, 1947, Princess Elizabeth, Heiress Presumptive to the British Throne, comes of age. Fittingly enough, her 21st birthday will be spent in one of the great self-governing countries of the Commonwealth over which she will one day be called to rule—the Union of South Africa. Celebrations of the event will be held in Cape Town.

Princess Elizabeth is to-day very much what any girl of her age might be expected to be who has grown up in a cultivated English home, mostly in the country. She loves all kinds of outdoor amusements, especially those connected with horses or dogs. She reads all kinds of books, grave and frivolous; she enjoys at the theatre tragedy and comedy alike. She is, in short, the embodiment of natural youth, settling out eagerly to explore the manifold interests of the world that opens out before her.

During World War II, firmly holding the view that a future queen should share the normal experiences of her contemporaries, she insisted on joining Britain's Auxiliary Territorial Service. At Aldershot, she passed through the strenuous and messy course of instruction for a driver of lorries and other Service vehicles, not desisting until she had passed all the tests and proved her quality.

Simple, open-minded, energetic, tenacious of purpose, humorous and friendly, the Princess possesses qualities that are no doubt shared by thousands of young men and women who, like her, are coming of age as the world moves on into the uncharted waters of the post-war era.

UNIFORMS FOR BRITISH MIDWIVES

Britain's midwives are to have a uniform.

There is to be a double-breasted overcoat of a grey cheviot material, with a two-way collar edged with blue. There is to be a suit, consisting of a single-breasted jacket of mid-grey serge with collar edged with blue, and a skirt either gored or with two large pleats back and inverted pleats, whichever the individual prefers. There are to be three styles of hat to choose from, too: a fur felt in grey with a blue and grey band and the authorised badge; a peaked cap of Service style in grey with blue band, also of course bearing the badge; and lastly a grey beret with blue band and badge.

The blouse will be of light poplin with a two-way collar which may be worn with or without a tie. And the working dress is to be of blue gingham, with bodice and skirt, a centre front fastening and box pleat. There are a detachable white collar—and plenty of pockets.

Britain's College of Midwives drew up suggestions for the uniform; the Central Midwives Board, collaborating with a well-known firm of tailors, obtained the design. It is all the result of a statement some time ago in the Report of the Midwives Salaries Committee to the Ministry of Health that they believed the provision of a national uniform would "contribute to the public standing of the midwife and help to give the profession a sense of unity."

At the Nursing and Midwives Exhibition and Conference recently midwives had an opportunity of inspecting their new uniform.

YOU & YOUR CHILDREN

A short while ago a young woman medical psychologist delivered a series of radio talks to the mothers and fathers of Britain. The talks have now been published in booklet form by HM Stationery Office, on behalf of Britain's Ministry of Health, under the title "You and Your Children," at the price of 6d.

For the most parts the talks are sheer commonsense, and as such, thoroughly representative of the practical, but sympathetic way in which modern British parents tackle the task of bringing up their children.

Not a parent but would agree "the only way in which we can be liked by others, or be happy and successful in this world, is by considering other people's feelings. And we cannot begin too early to develop the habits of obedience and consideration for others." Few need telling—though perhaps a reminder is salutary—never make idle threats, don't punish to-day what you laughed at yesterday, always keep your promises and always tell the truth to a child.

But most parents will be interested to learn that a little boy of between four and seven is more susceptible to fears than a little girl of the same age; and that the imaginary fears of the dark are much more terrifying to a child, apparently, than the real dangers of bombing. So it appeared during Britain's blitzes, at any rate. People may not have realised that shouting startles a child, and that often he doesn't answer when spoken to or come when called because he's far away in a dream fantasy, and finds difficulty in bringing himself back to reality quickly.

And there is, surely food for thought in the complaint of a little boy that his parents got intensely angry if he broke mother's china or father's pipe, but wasn't allowed to get angry himself if his baby brother smashed his toy!

BEAUTY ARTS

By LOIS LEEDS



Posed by Diana Lynn for Lois Leeds.

Coats come in Complexion Colours and Redheads need copper tones in makeup!

"DEAR LOIS LEEDS"

"Dear Lois Leeds—Please suggest a coat for my 18-year-old daughter,—M. H."

Why not a Rees-Beige topcoat, such as Dorothy O'Hare designed for Diana Lynn to wear in Paramount's latest film, "Easy Come, Easy Go?" Such a coat is perfect for all occasions and it is so flattering and the colour is soft and young.

"Dear Lois Leeds—Is it true that the up hairdo is going out of fashion?—COUNTRY COUSIN."

Why no; the upswept coiffure is more important now than ever as it complements the hats. But the long bob and the casual, loose coiffure is as beloved as ever. So decide which is the most becoming to you—and wear it!

"Dear Lois Leeds—My skin is dry as paper. I use a good night cream but my makeup looks awful. Suggestions please!—J. J. L."

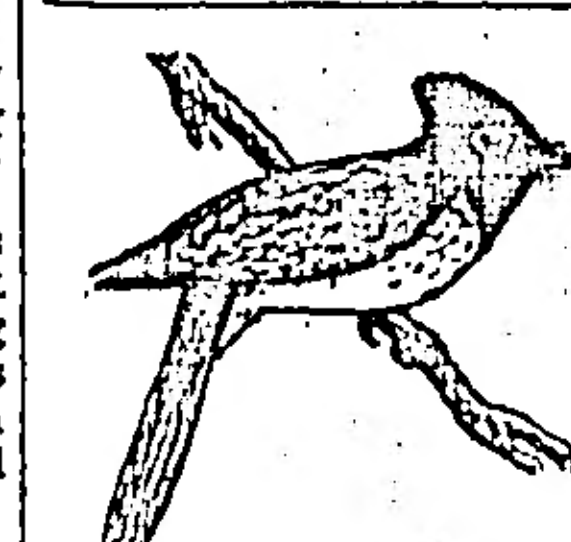
Just before applying your foundation cream pat on a little oil or night cream. Pat powder on generously, then brush with a powder brush until you get a mat surface.

"Dear Lois Leeds—Does riding a bicycle make the legs firm?—THRYA."

Yes, it aids in developing and firming the leg muscles. Deep massage is also excellent, although it is difficult to do yourself.

"Dear Lois Leeds—I have very red hair, good complexion and a white skin. I always wear brown, black or green. Should I use rouge?—R. H."

I would use a very faint touch of cheek rouge and would choose it to match your lipstick, which you must select in a Redhead copper tone for real flattery.



THE BIRDS OF HONGKONG

Field Identification and Field Note Book by G. A. C. Herklotz

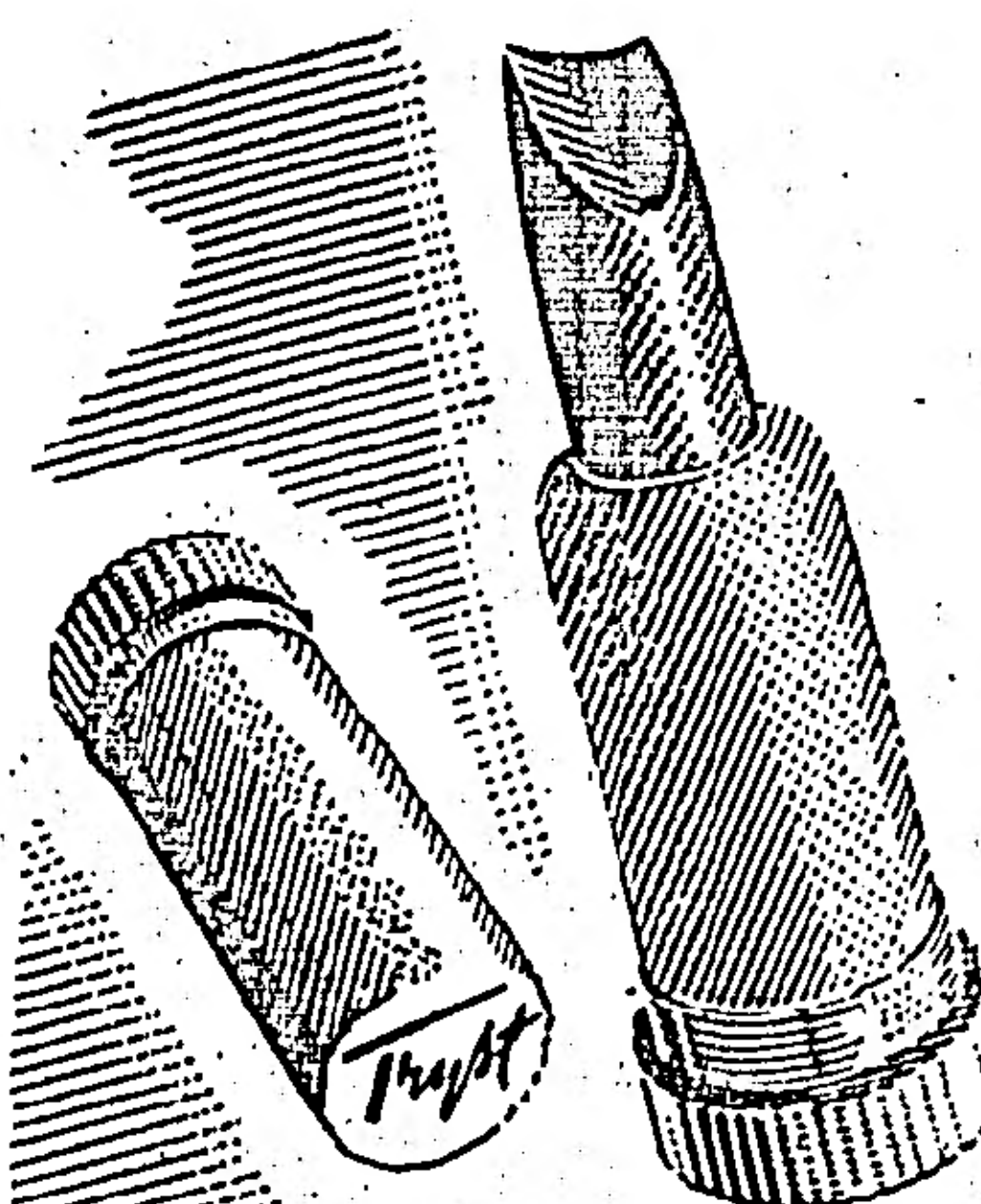
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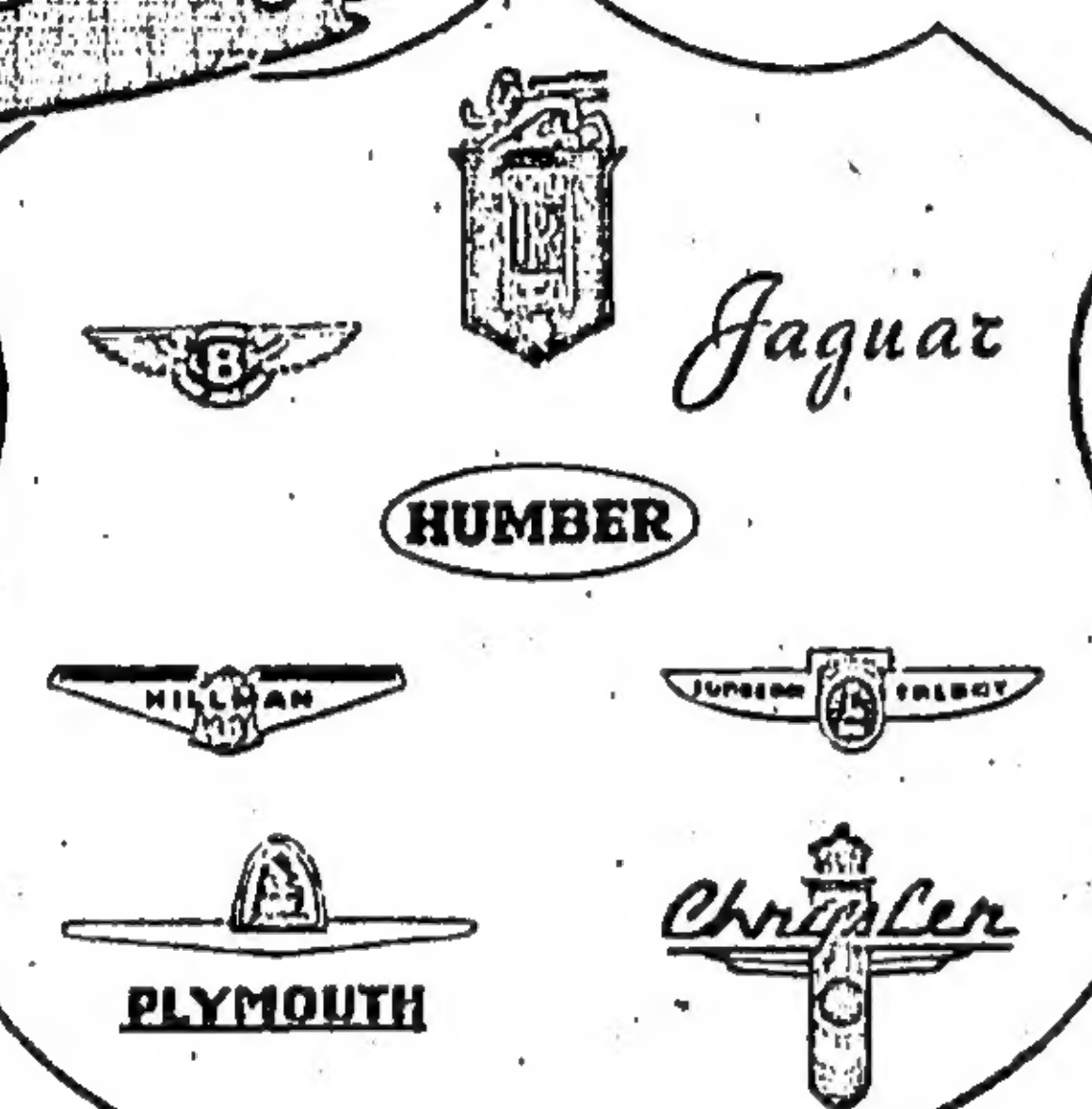
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SPARE MOMENTS PAGE

SCIENCE TRENDS:

DANDELIONS MEAN MORE RUBBER!

A RUSSIAN dandelion became a major factor in winning the war. Most of the rubber on which the Red Army rolled into the Reich came from the milk in the roots of this plant.

It is called "Kok Saghiz." On the steppes of Siberia and in the farmlands of the Ukraine, hundreds of thousands of acres are sown with the "Kok Saghiz" dandelion. It is grown in rows like sugar-beet. When it is ready for harvesting, the Russian farmers cut off the tops—which can be used as good cattle-feed—and boil the roots to produce the milky "latex" that is processed into rubber. The carbohydrates of the root can then be fermented to produce alcohol as a by-product.

By selecting and improving the plants, the Russians are getting yields up to 2500 lbs. per acre. That's more than the yield of seven-year-old rubber trees. And "Kok Saghiz" can be harvested at one to two years old. So the Russians gained rubber independence in time for the German invasion—by developing their rubber dandelions ten years ahead.

1,000 Plants Tested

In 1931 the Kremlin ordered an examination of every wild plant in the Soviet Union. In the next three years more than 1,000 possible rubber plants were tested. Nearing the end of their expedition, the rubber explorers rested in a house in Eastern Kazakhstan, near the Chinese border. Quite by accident they noticed a plant growing in the window-box. The owner told them it was called "Kok Saghiz" and came from the Tien Shan mountains. Inside the root was more rubber than in any other plant they had tested.

When the Japs cut off British and American rubber supplies, Russia sent us Kok Saghiz seeds. But the Western Allies were concentrating on "synthetic rubber" made from petroleum. Britain agreed to America's making it all, and so the U.S. now has a capacity of 800,000 tons a year and is using Kok Saghiz as a standby. Germany had "Buna"—a synthetic rubber made from coal.

Far Eastern Plantations

Britain has now discovered that her Far Eastern rubber plantations have suffered very little damage by the Japs. Apart from the clearance of only about 10 per cent. of the land for food growing, the trees are even better than before the Japs took over. Very few of them were tapped during the occupation, and they will give big yields after the long rest they have had. The rubber plantations will produce 1,000,000 tons a year.

Through rubber trees, dandelions and coal and petroleum by-products, the world will soon live in plenty as far as rubber is concerned. If all these industries continue, experts have calculated that the rubber flood will be at its peak in three years from now, when there will be more than enough rubber to manufacture everything for which rubber was used before the war.

Apart from that, some of the excess will be taken up in making available to you new uses of rubber that have been discovered during the war. One of these—a thin transparent wrapping material called "pilofilm"—will be largely used in food storage. It is odourless and tasteless and keeps food moist and fresh for a fortnight.

—CHAPMAN PINCHER

Are You Sure?

- What are the meanings of these commercial abbreviations?
(a) Ex-ris, (b) ex-div, (c) ex-in?
- Patagonia is a part of—
Cuba, the Argentine, Uruguay, Ecuador, Brazil?
- One of these orders, though highly coveted, carries no precedence—
Garter, Thistle, Merit, Bath, Distinguished Service?
- What is Chiang Katshek's official position?
- In cricket, what was the original "googly"?
- Two spelling mistakes here—
Quadruped, machinery, purposeful, restaurant, preliminary?
- "The stars they do by two and two they must pay for one by one" was written by—
Shakespeare, Beloe, Kipling, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, St Paul?
- An anagram is—
A form of glandular disease, an ornament worked in low relief, Greek fairy, ancient writing?
- If "Monday's child is fair of face," what is "Friday's child"?
- What was the CBI theatre? (Answers on Page 7)



LAUGHING STOCK

MAIDEN'S BLUSH
The only time you see a blushing bride nowadays is when the groom doesn't show up.

SAFETY
"Do you drink?"
"Then please hold my glass while I fix my tie."

SAVING GRACE
Father: Your school report is shocking. Arithmetic bad, history poor, dictation bad, and conduct bad.
Son: Yes, dad, but I got an excellent for health.

SUGGESTION ADOPTED
Uncle: It's about time you should settle down, my boy, and take a wife.
Nephew: I'd like to, but I don't know any wives I'd like to take.

TOO DIVINE!
"He treats his wife like an angel."
"I should say so. He doesn't buy her anything to wear."

INSPIRATION
He thinks she is inspiring because every time he is with her he gets fresh ideas.

HOLD UP
"Jim was held up by two men last night."
"That so? Where?"
"All the way home."

DREAM OF LOVE
"Did she close her eyes when you kissed her?"
"No—mine."

TRUE SCOT
Donald and Mary decided to adopt a child, and asked at the orphanage. A little girl was produced, and Mary was about to give her approval when Donald tapped her on the shoulder. "Mary," he whispered, "let's have a boy. How ye forgotten the cap we found in the train?"

TENNIS
The sun's upon the level grass,
The gentle zephyr wags,
What a lovely day for tennis,
If I had any shoes!
The velvet shadows purple, deep
Upon the mountains sprawl,
A lovely day for tennis,
If I had got a ball!
In wondrous splendour Nature now
Her richest beauty flaunts,
A lovely day for tennis,
If the moths had spared my pants.

SHORT STORY:

SECLUDED PACIFIC ISLAND

WHERE'S the sense, I thought? Queues. No cigarettes. Black markets. Under-the-counter. Controls. Mustn't do this, mustn't do that. Income-tax. Coupons. Dockets. Save paper. Don't spend. Don't waste fuel. Beer like water. Meat ration that you wouldn't have given the dog, once.

Civilisation? Pah! Not for yours truly, I said. I've had it, chum!

So I got talking to the skipper of a tramp.

"Where are you off to this trip, skipper?" I asked, pushing a pint his way.

"South," he replied laconically. "You wouldn't know of a nice little island, uninhabited, with plenty of fruit, fish, game and things. I suppose?"

He reflected. I filled up his mug. Didn't quite get him going, but the approach was right. I repeated the dose. He spoke at last.

"Know the very place."
"Where?"
"Southern Pacific. About five square miles. Landed there once."

"What's it like?"
"Quiet. Not a soul. Nice climate. Plenty of fruit, good fishing, wild pigs—very tasty."

"How much to take me there?"
"Fifty quid."

"I'll give you a hundred—all I've got. Shall I need money any more. Going native?"

It was all in the day's work, for him. "We're off to-night. Any luggage?"

"Not a thing. Wait a bit, though—I'm fond of music. Just a portable gramophone and some desert island discs."

We made a rendezvous. I made a careful selection of records. Something for all moods. Fats Waller and Poultonoff. Joe Loss, and the London Phil. Sinatra and Chappaline.

I went mad when I saw the island. Swaying palms. Surf gently lapping at golden sands. Fruit that made a pre-war Covent Garden look like a coterie's barrow. Fish that almost jumped up on your plate. Bacon running about wild. Chickens with very wringable necks.

I looked up the position on the skipper's chart. The nearest land was two-hundred miles off. A reckoned I could forget atom-bombs.

"O.K., Skipper," I said. "I'm staying. Don't say a word to anyone about me. And don't come back!"

I watched the tramp over the horizon, and gave three hearty cheers.

It was heavenly. It put me in the mood. I wound up the gramophone and sorted over the records. I thought Darius's "Walk In A Paradise Garden" just about right for the occasion.

By the way, if any of you are ever round about lat. 20 degrees S. and long. 120 degrees W., you might give me a call.

No—I don't want to come back. But I'd like a box of gramophone needles.

I forgot them.

—LESLIE E. GILMAN.

According To Culbertson

(Copyright, 1946, by Ely Culbertson)

The East player in to-day's deal had nerve, but very little judgment!

North, dealer.

Neither side vulnerable.

NORTH
♦ A K 10 6
♥ J 10
♦ J 6 4
♠ A K 8 7

WEST
♦ J 5
♥ A K Q 5 2
♦ 8 7 3
♠ 9 8

EAST
♦ Q 8 7
♥ K Q 10 5
♦ A J 10 6 4
♠ 7 5 4 3

SOUTH
♦ 5 4 3
♥ 8 7 4 3
♦ A 9 2
♠ Q 7 5

The bidding:
North 1 spade East 1 N T West 1 spade South 2 N T
North 2 hearts East 2 hearts West 2 hearts South 3 hearts
North 3 hearts East 3 hearts West 3 hearts South 4 hearts

West opened the ace of hearts, but when he followed up with the king he was in for a rude shock. He made the best shift to a diamond, but South held up the ace, won the third round of the suit, and then knocked out the heart queen. East

had to discard again, and still again when South got in with the club queen and cashed the heart eight, so South not only made his redoubled contract but an overtrick worth 200 points.

"Why didn't you bid your hearts, partner?" East moaned, more in sorrow than in anger. "You were the last one to speak—I passed it to you."

West's reply was too bitter to be coherent, so I'll take over for him. True, East had "passed the redouble around to him, for his decision," but what a gall that required on East's part! From West's point of view the opportunity to play against one no trump redoubled was heaven-sent! South's one-no-trump response and North's acceptance thereof meant that each had a few cards in the heart suit, but—here was the point—East's pass of the redouble, since he must be short of hearts and consequently had to expect that lead, was all the greater evidence that he had real strength in the other suits. Obviously, he didn't have any such thing, and that he should have given West the slightest opportunity to accept the redouble passes all understanding.

NANCY It Pays to Be Frugal



The big prizes are for those who go out and dare.

Are You Adventurous?

By WELLS CARR

PETE will play safe every time —and perhaps he should, for he's easily discouraged.

The chances are, however, that Pete won't get very far nor be remembered for outstanding achievement.

The prominent men and women in history are the pioneering adventurers who dared the unknown to conquer new worlds or search for broader horizons and a better way of life. Many of us won't attain such goals, but we won't be failures if we have rich experiences and pave the way for others.

If you are a timid stay-at-home, much of what the world has to offer is passing you by. You should be willing to venture and be prepared for anything you encounter on the way.

Score 0 for "no," 1 for "sometimes" or doubtful, 2 for "yes." Then total your score.

- Do your ideas frequently shock conventional people?
- Would you bluff a little if you felt adequate to handle new work?

- Have you backed a friend in a new venture?
- Do you like to go to auctions and second-hand stores?
- Have you frequently accepted a blind date?
- When near a stranger, do you make the first friendly overture?
- Even if others disapprove, will you undertake a new venture?
- Can you enjoy a trip or a sightseeing expedition alone?
- Are you reluctant to go away from home?
- Do you dislike routine?

If you score between ten and 20, you practise the motto, "nothing risked, nothing gained." You may not have achieved great material success, but surely you enjoy a rich, full life.

A total from three to nine reveals you're too cautious and too conventional.

If you're under three, you always play safe because you lack the spirit of adventure. Isn't life a bit dull?

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"I hope they keep that atom-cracking stuff a secret for a few years—I've got enough chemistry and physics to handle the way it is!"

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES

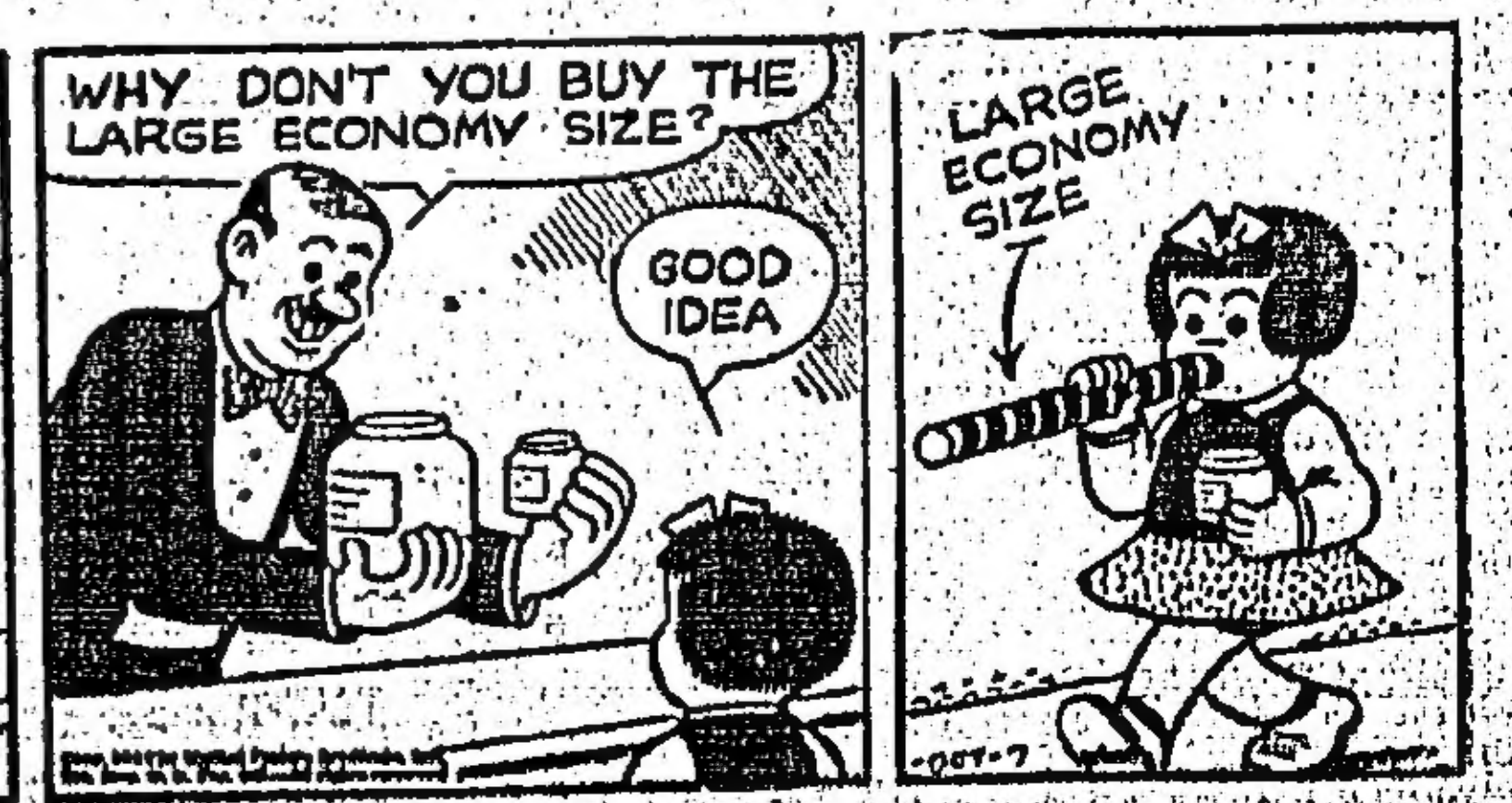
ACROSS

- 1—Panned egg dish
- 2—King's home
- 3—Manifest
- 4—Where gladiators fought
- 5—Musical note
- 6—Excessive fondness
- 7—Kipling's initials
- 8—Conclude
- 9—Stockfish (var.)
- 10—Druck
- 11—A second time
- 12—Undivided
- 13—Eye (pop.)
- 14—Allowed use of
- 15—Gripes
- 16—Factor
- 17—Agree with
- 18—Purple flower
- 19—Crisp-tasted sound
- 20—On behalf of
- 21—Baroque (abbr.)
- 22—Spanish gentleman
- 23—Livity
- 24—Per fear that
- 25—Antelope
- 26—And (Fr.)
- 27—He killed his mother
- 28—Part of "to be"
- 29—Snapper-back in football
- 30—A fruit
- 31—Pretors
- 32—Wood birds

DOWN

- 1—With cream and sugar
- 2—Get vengeance
- 3—Thomas (last)
- 4—Tadpole (poet)
- 5—From which big
- 6—Network
- 7—Teatubers
- 8—Land measure
- 9—Faster than
- 10—Zodiacal article
- 11—Plan to kill
- 12—Childhood
- 13—Gravely or
- 14—Bandy deposits
- 15—Boon
- 16—Things to avoid
- 17—Gathering
- 18—Thomas road
- 19—Dental shield
- 20—Columella
- 21—High tier
- 22—Crab (slang)
- 23—Zincore
- 24—Short beard
- 25—Prattless
- 26—Circumstance
- 27—of youth
- 28—Diced clove
- 29—Cubic meter
- 30—Children
- 31—Stall
- 32—Female ruff
- 33—Old joke
- 34—Bodiam (ymh)
- 35—Complete poet

By Ernie Bushmiller



How to be Happy though Human

By
JAMES CAMERON

WE all talk too much, of course. Because we are becoming a race of self-pitying martyrs, fretting away at this or that fashionable grouse-of-the-day, we begin to consider it somehow ingenious or resourceful to exist at all. "Coping" joins the list of tiresome and idiotic words.

But one must be fair. Coping with 1946 is a good deal simpler than coping, if you recall, with 1941. Coping with 1946 here would be a soft proposition to anyone from Hamburg, or the province of Madras. All the same.

1946 is nearly over, for me most of it has been divided among greater or smaller periods of Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, India, Italy, Egypt, Iraq, Tripolitania, the Marshall Islands, and 17 of the United States. And what am I doing now? Worrying about a septic tank in Sussex.

For us earnest and rather anxious figures, the townsmen who are trying so studiously to go rustic, these things have an importance. I should say I have given more profound and critical thought lately to that septic tank than to the question of the Bulgarian frontier. I am a bit ashamed of that.

Nevertheless, there is a feeling that with a household which at its minimum involves three children, a dog, upwards of half a dozen cats, several geese, goodness knows how many plaintive and insatiable ducks, a mortgage and a defective drain, one should not reasonably be asked to chafe all night over the problem of the Danube Basin.

An professional chronicler of lowering news, I personally have been very crossly slapped down from time to time for asking people to spend their spare worrying-time on disputable world affairs, when all they ask is to be let alone to brood on their overdrains. Let that be a lesson to me!

Counting Assets

I HAVE at least got a house—at last—wherein I am fortunate. I should say, beyond my deserts. It was requisitioned during the war by the Canadian Army, who treated it through their years of tedious march the same way of a teddy bear treated Caca. Getting it going again has been a long job; very hard work, wonderfully good fun.

It may be a platitudinous to you, but it is exciting and rewarding to get four decrepit walls that had once meant something to the life and landscape of a village, and coax them back to use and value. It is more than a physical pleasure to wipe some paint up here and push a wall down there, doing it yourself if you can't get a licence for repairs or can't afford them.

It is a sort of regeneration of the spirit, a grind through ten-foot underground and find that, just as the plan said, here was the paved road, here they had the leech-pond, just here they used to walk by the river. It costs more than you expect, but not, I think more than it is worth.

All the sour arguments of this day only manage to prove one thing: that the world is a more awkward and troublesome place than it used to be, as though after what we have done with it we had any right to expect otherwise.

Their Secret

BUT—and here one introduces the moral note with the utmost embarrassment—the people I know who successfully avoid those miseries who have got their teeth in some sort of job of personal creation.

The making of a home, the rejuvenation of an old car, the architecture of a cabbage-patch, the development of a child—in any way that has more fulfillment this year than last.

In Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" which I am half-way through reading, there occurs a pungent and not unwelcome piece of advice—given by the Prince of Wales in 1935.

The Prince suggested, "pending the millennium, each man must take hold of the piece of depression next him and do something about it."

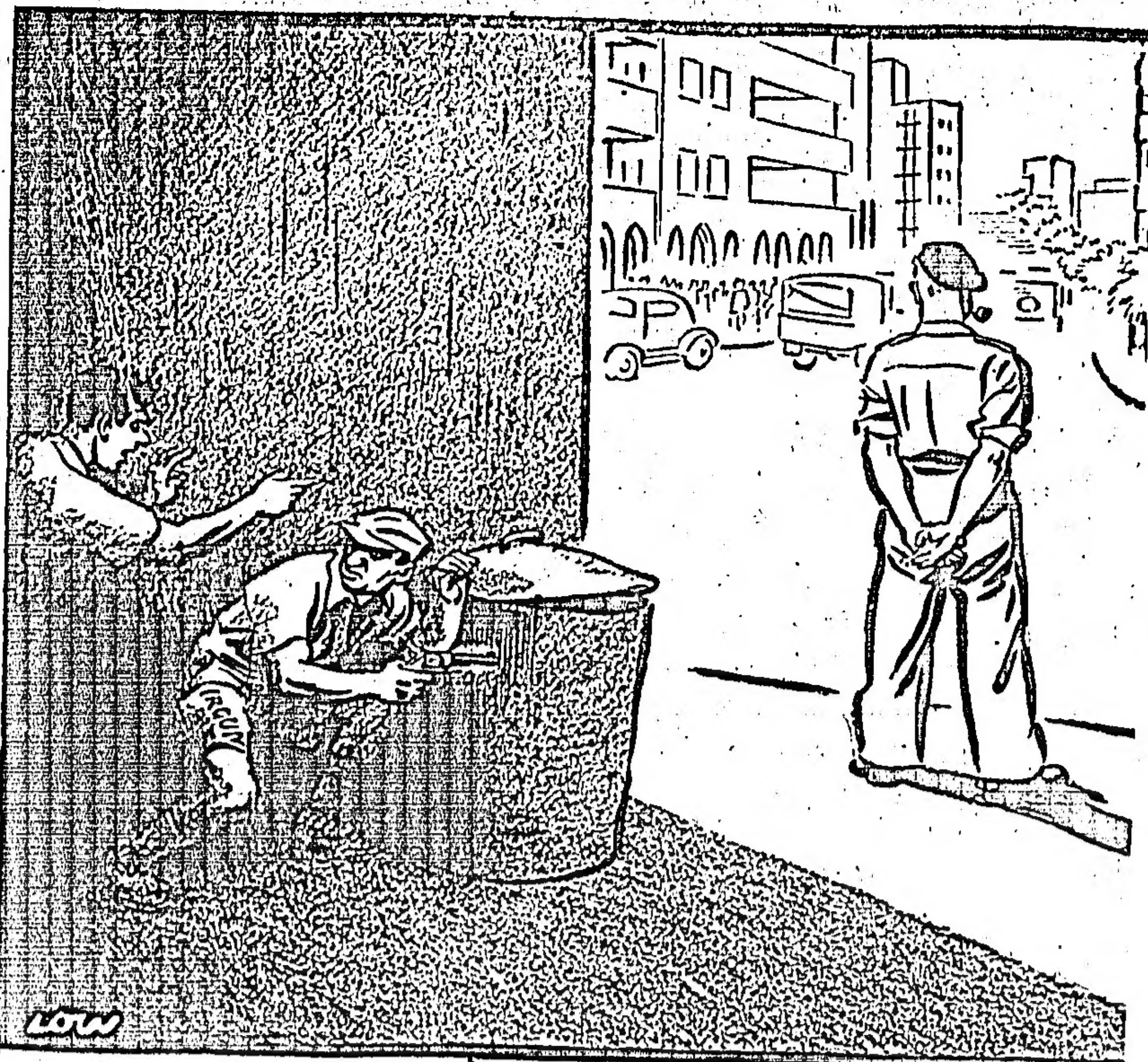
So, in the light of all these uplifting circumstances, we might use our spare time for a day or two in examining such questions as:

Money (how one earns it and never has any).

Children (how one has them and never earns them).

In general, the great proposition of the day: How to be happy though human.

See you here next Saturday.



"What, he's not anti-Semitic? We'll soon alter that."

We Saw For Ourselves Why Don't We Speak Up Now?

I SEE that 4,000,000 men have been released from the Services since June 1945.

What has happened to their tongues?

What has happened to the resolutions we made that, when we got back, we would tell the people THE TRUTH?

Wherever we were—in Italy, Africa, Western Europe, or South-East Asia—we saw conditions at first hand. And we all said: "We will tell them about this when we get home."

What are the things we were going to tell them? I will jog your memory.

EGYPT

TO-DAY we read that we are being thrown out of Egypt. The Union Jack has already been hauled down in the Citadel.

Egyptian students march and counter-march because we are slow in their opinion, to leave a country which we protected in wartime against the Germans and the Italians. Before we saw Egypt we imagined that student demonstrations expressed the will for freedom of a people downtrodden by the British. When we got there we found you could hire a mob of Egyptians to demonstrate against anything for a few coppers.

We also discovered that most of the 16,000,000 Egyptians have to exist on a shilling a day. But when the British Government wanted to raise the pay of the labourer it was the Egyptian businessmen who protested.

The British Chief of Police annually demands better rates of pay for a force which can often be bribed with half a crown. But the Egyptian rulers won't listen to demands for a decent living wage for their own police force—a force organised in the first place by the British.

And which soldier who has ever been there really believes that he wasn't fleeced of his Army pay by the Egyptian shopkeepers?

The thing, though, that struck us most of all was the inhumanity of the Egyptian ruling class to their own people. Now Britain is handing over Egypt to these feudal bosses. It's time you and I said something about it. We vowed we would.

It is time we answered the idealists with cotton-wool brains who always see Britain as the oppressor. Did we sweat and fight in the desert for years to throw away the good Britain has done for the people of Egypt as though it was so much waste? Why don't we tell our people the things we learned?

ITALY

TAKE Italy. The things we learned there! How easily, for example, a Fascist could become a lifelong non-Fascist within a few hours—minutes even—if the Allied Armies were near enough.

We made a note of that for the time when talk of democracy started again.

How well I remember an old Italian printer in Tripoli whose talk made me think that all Italians were against the war at heart.

But on the day we finally defeated the Germans and Italians in Africa I saw him go over to a corner of the printing room. His eyes were filled with tears when I went up to him.

WARWICK CHARLTON

who founded and edited the Service newspapers "Eighth Army News," "Tripoli Times" and "Crusader."

And I saw what caused his tears. Set up in big type in Italian and covered in dust were the words: "ALEXANDRIA IS OURS." The headline had waited for the day of enemy victory, and now that he saw all was lost for the Fascists and Nazis he tipped the type over with sorrow and regret.

INDIA

AND what about those of us who were in India? There never was a country where good British intentions have been so much corrupted. We have tried to give them a British code of law, justice and fair play. But we have also seen witnesses outside the law court waiting to be hired by the highest bidder.

We know who is most unkind to the Indian: the Indian himself. We know that the Fourth Indian Division—probably the best division which fought with the British Army—returned to their homeland almost unwelcomed.

At the same time Indian newspapers were crying with delight over the exploits of renegade Indian soldiers who had fought against their countrymen with the Japs under the leadership of the Fascist Subhas Chandra Bose.

His brother is in the present Government.

During the great famine in Bengal when hundreds of thousands of Indians died, the British soldier on the spot knew that Indian merchants had cornered rice and were unmoved when thousands died.

These black marketeers cared little how many of their countrymen starved. Death paid a dividend.

WILLIAM HICKEY CLERICAL ERROR

OPINIONS of the Rector of Stokesley could hardly matter less, and happily his views are normally confined to that northerly bit of the North Riding.

Just for once they now get wider publicity because I want to encourage sympathy for those unfortunate Yorkshiremen who have to pay tuppence for the Decency Magazine yet are still expected to have faith.

"Above all," writes the Rev. Clifford Hubert Davies, "do not be led into paying too much attention to what newspapers say. Reporters have to live, though I sometimes wonder why! And they appear to live mainly on horrors."

"To read our papers is to think that the country consists mainly of thieves, murderers and blasphemers."

When I asked the rector what he meant by such stupidity, he was most affable and apparently so surprised at the very thought of being taken seriously.

Metaphorically slapping my thigh down the telephone, he assured me that it was "all just a little joke."

British soldiers gave up their rations to save the lives of Indians. I remember one place where a British artillery unit cut a three-foot hole in the barbed wire surrounding their camp and gave food to any child who could walk upright under it.

While this was happening many Indians and people at home were throwing the blame on Britain. You and I said then: "When we get home we will tell them the truth. We will tell them of the communications Britain has built, of the law and order she has tried to enforce, and we will tell them how the Indians themselves have wallowed in corruption whenever they have had a chance."

But have we kept the vow we made? I hear no voices raised among my ex-comrades and among the people I mix with every day. I hear no one defending the Indians who fought with Britain and now find themselves despised and threatened in their own country.

GERMANY

RIVERS of tears are being shed for the unfortunate Germans, who would have wiped us out of existence. Remember how sick you were when the first pictures of Belsen came up to your weapon pit? Remember how sick you were when you saw at first-hand the wickedness of the Germans? You were going to tell them at home all right. Well, what's happened? The blame for being manoeuvred on Britain I believe it is up to us—the men who were in the midst of it all—to keep a little balance against the fantastic forgetfulness of what really brought ruin to Europe.

WHERE were you? In the George Cross Island? Greece? Italy? Western Europe? Africa? India? Burma? Malaya?

You have been and you have seen. It is your duty to tell the truth about what you have seen. The people who drag Britain's name in the mud are always articulate. Speak up!

Just at times the headlines seem to lead us astray and the weaker-minded among us get a wrong impression. So did I.

NOT being so fussy as his forebears, Mr. Thomas Dudley Cabot made no bones whatever about talking to me at the Savoy. And he comes from Boston and that, as you no doubt remember, is the home of the bean and the cod.

Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots. And the Cabots talk only to God. I deny that we are snobs," said Cabot with a grin. "We've lived that down long since." As he is prepared to talk even to the Board of Trade,

the statement can surely be accepted. Cabot makes carbon which puts the strength and also the colour into motor-car tyres.

Britain imports £2,000,000 of carbon a year from America which he thinks we could make in Britain itself and save dollars.

So the Board of Trade has appointed a committee—Which does seem remarkably odd. There is no need to talk to the Cabots. It will do just as well if they nod.

IN ten-song programme ranging from opera to ballads, that sweet Irish cradle-song "Maureen" got most applause from Penlonville lads when Dublin tenor Sean Ryan sang at prison concert.

Scots Sir Hugh Robertson wrote it for John McCormack. Shortly before he died McCormack, heard Ryan singing in a Forces broadcast, sent for him and gave him the song.

NOTICED in Begoni-street by reader A. H. Porry: "Invisible mender wanted."

COMMENT By "Candidus"

IF Japan had not been foiled in her plan to dominate—to create her much vaunted "New Order in East Asia," where should we be to-day, and where would China be?

The answer is so obviously simple that it seems absurd to ask it. However, when one sees the incomprehensible attitude adopted by certain sections in China to-day, it appears to be strangely necessary to give the answer. China would have been in perpetual bondage, as would have been every other Far Eastern country which came within the sphere of Japan's sinister aspirations.

Germany was frustrated, and Japan fell in consequence. Not however, before a terrific struggle was necessary on the part of China—a struggle which finally won owing to the great assistance rendered by the combined might of Great Britain and the United States. Freedom was gained, and with it we all hoped that those who stood by each other in the hour of the world's greatest need in history, would help each other to make good the destruction and erase bitter memories in a new-born friendship.

AND yet what do we find in China to-day?

An almost unbelievable hostility on the part of a certain misguided section against friends—friends who gave all in their power to overthrow the common enemy. During the war, China played her part gallantly, and her people were brothers in arms against aggression and oppression. It to-day, her friends (in times of adversity) are amazed at her apparent desire to cast them aside now the war is over. China has only herself to blame.

We naturally think of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, and cannot believe that it is his wish that his people should appear not to realise that they are part and parcel of the new and happier world to be—that they fail to appreciate the tremendous possibilities in the fact that their President is one of the Big Five Leaders of the world.

In order to carry out this great responsibility with dignity and wisdom, the Chinese President, his country and his people must do all in their power to foster and develop international goodwill.

RECENTLY, Shanghai has been faced with anti-foreign measures calculated to create discord and ill-will. Hongkong has had a couple of incidents, trivial in the international sense, magnified and distorted beyond human intelligence.

The recent border affair should have been settled in the light of sweet reason and co-operation, and yet behind it lies an unmistakable desire on the part of a certain faction to create unfriendliness and bad feeling.

China must either take steps to educate her masses along the lines dictated by common sense and reason, and control the malcontents, or she must not be surprised if the great opportunity for international fellowship is lost. Great Britain offers friendship and co-operation. Shall it be said that China was unable to reciprocate because of uncontrollable and irresponsible elements in her midst?

ARE YOU SURE?

Answers

(Questions on Page 6)

1. (a) Without rights, (b) without dividend, (c) without interest 2. The Argentine. 3. Order of Merit. 4. President of the National Government of the Republic of China. 5. A ball which appears to be bowled so as to break from the leg side, but which actually turns in from the off; it was first perfected by B. J. T. Bosanquet. 6. Machinery. preliminary. 7. Rudyard Kipling. 8. An ornament worked in low relief. 9. Loving and giving. 10. The China-Burma-India command of the US forces.

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TOOTH PASTE

SPORTS FEATURES

MEMORIAL CUP MATCHES THIS WEEK END

CIVILIAN SIDE BUILT AROUND A GOOD PIVOT

(By See Tee)

MEMORIAL CUP MATCHES ARE THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THIS WEEK-END'S LOCAL FOOTBALL. THESE GAMES PROVIDE A PLEASING CHANGE FROM THE ROUTINE LEAGUE MATCHES WHICH, SO FAR, HAVE BEEN BROKEN ONLY BY THE FIRST ROUNDS OF THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR SHIELD KNOCK-OUT COMPETITIONS. MEMORIAL CUP MATCHES ARE OF NINETY MINUTES DURATION WITH EXTRA TIME WHEN NECESSARY.

Kicking off at 3.30 p.m. to-day, a Non-Chinese Civilian side meets the Army; this game is to be played on the Navy's ground at Causeway Bay. It is long while since an Army team took the field as such. Like the Civilian side, it includes several Second Division players.

I like the look of the Civilians' team. It is well built up around a good pivot, Forrow, of the Club. The attack has a nice mixture of dash and skill in it which may make things hum. McDougall, Leck and Colegate have the makings of a pretty sound defence.

To-morrow's game, at Caroline Hill between a very well-knit Combined Chinese team and the Royal Navy is another excellent fixture. The Navy are making only small changes from the team which fell to Sing Tao so heavily last Saturday. I notice that the Sing Tao half-back line will be facing the sailors again, with Hsu as right back to keep in touch. It is a pleasure to me to see Yu Kai-yao of C.A.S.C. chosen as goal-keeper. I have often remarked on his capable keeping.

For Monday's match a very strong Combined Chinese team has been chosen to play Tsing Pak, the Shanghai club. In many ways this game promises to be the tit-bit of the visitors' tour. It is to be hoped that their unfortunate injuries may be healed for we have yet to see Tsing Pak at full strength and balance.

LAST week-end was not a good one for the Services. In First Division games, the Navy, Royal Air Force and 44 Commando all fell to

Chinese teams. There was a striking similarity in the games in which the Navy lost to Sing Tao and the RAF to South China. During the first half of each game the Servicemen held their own in no uncertain fashion. After the interval it seemed that they could not stand the pace. The Navy conceded six goals in the second half of their game; in theirs, the RAF conceded four. But football is an odd game. During the first twenty minutes of the Navy-Sing Tao match, the sailors missed several good scoring chances. Perhaps a last-minute change of centre-forwards had something to do with it; anyway, an early goal for the Navy might well have changed the whole course of the game.

Very similar tactics were used by both the Chinese teams. They started to try to play their usual game, and although there were occasions when their opponents looked like busting them into confusion they maintained steady formation—kept on trying to play their particular style of football. Their

WEEK-END SPORTS

TO-DAY

SOCCER

MEMORIAL CUP

Navy: Non-Chinese v Army, 3.30 p.m.

SECOND DIVISION

Bookunpo: HQ Land Forces v HK Signal Coy 4 p.m.
Chatham Road: 44 Cdo v Kwong Wah, 4 p.m.

TO-MORROW

SOCCER

MEMORIAL CUP

Caroline Hill: Chinese v Royal Navy, 3.30 p.m.

SECOND DIVISION

Club: Sing Tao v Kit Chee, 2.30 p.m.
Club: Club v Chinese Cadre, 4 p.m.
Causeway Bay: CASC v RASC, 2.30 p.m.
Causeway Bay: South China v Wireless Centre, 4 p.m.

CRICKET

RCC: Land Forces, H.K. v Land Forces, Kowloon, 11 a.m.
King's Park: Craigengower v Navy, noon.

FASTBALL

Recreio: Baseballers v Recreio; Hotshots v St Joseph's 10.30 a.m.
Recreio: Rovers v Giants; Canadians v Chung Hwa, 2 p.m.

tactics were amply justified and during the latter parts of the games they gave a very pleasing demonstration of class close passing and neat footwork.

THE RAF started off in pleasing fashion against South China. Fox, who played a clever game at inside-left, looked like being a real menace to the Chinese. He was able to beat one or two men and part to his outside-right. I notice he often used the long slanting pass which has been there it is possible that better use might have been made of Fox's good work.

NEW GIRL SNOOKER WONDER

(By Archie Quick)

While I was in Nottingham, I was told of a sixteen-year-old girl snooker wonder. She is Aileen Bowmer, who competes on level terms with men in the Notts Institute's Amateur Snooker League.

Only women playing in the competition, she has won all her matches so far. Top break thirty, consisting of five blues.

She works behind the counter in local stores, and has been playing since fourteen years old.

Recently, she played an exhibition with H.J. Kingsley, Notts champion. He gave her forty start and drew level, but Miss Bowmer won on the black.

She has had offers to turn professional, but hopes to enter the Women's National Amateur Championship and win it first.

Those of you who read my columns will not be surprised to learn that Clark Maconachy, New Zealand snooker star, is in England ready to add interest to this year's Davis World's Snooker Championship. I told you so three months ago.

I was also the first to reveal that Wally Barnes, Arsenal's Welsh International full back, retired from the game because of injury and now, a regular soldier, was coming back. Barnes, who has in charge of Army teams this season, played his first League game for Arsenal at Preston recently.

It isn't often that one sees a Chinese forward line, so frequently penalised for offside as were South China last Sunday. From my experience I have formed the opinion that the Chinese are more alive to the offside rule than most Europeans. Many very well worked half back manoeuvres were thrown away by one or other of the South China forwards lying level with or beyond the backs.

ST. Joseph's ran up against the only exception to the last week-end's eclipse of Service teams—45 Commando. The Commandos are one of the fastest yet heaviest sides in the league. Their speed on the ball and staying power are magnificent. It is a great pity that they too are having their regular team disturbed by changes of personnel in the unit. Teams like 1/5 and 45 Commando have done much

(Continued on Page 12)

DARTS

Jim Pike Shows How Easy It Is

(By Archie Quick)

JIM PIKE England's champion dart player is bewildering. Up and down the country they have been telling me all about the tricks this man from Lambeth Walk can do with an arrow, but frankly I did not believe some of the stories—until the other night.

I went along to see him give an exhibition frankly sceptical, but I played to be convinced. What Jim can make a feathered barbed do is nobody's business. He started his trick business by hitting out five matches stuck in a man's fingernails at nine feet distance. Then from the same throw he took a cigarette out of a man's mouth and placed it to the nominated double eleven. The five matches required seven darts. The cigarette one dart. The two men—one standing at double six and the other at double eleven—with a piece of string stretched between them in their teeth had it pierced first dart, the arrow going into nominated twenty-five. This sort of wizardry went on until finally the board was wholly covered with a newspaper and in five darts he got nominated double two with three darts in. As a sideline he took out the feathers, stood a foot or so from the board and went round the full circle in doubles in nineteen seconds. Slow he called it compared with his record of eleven seconds.

And here are you and I spending half the evening and holding up everybody in the lounge trying to finish on double one.

At the same darts show we had Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur footballers in opposition and they put up a most creditable show. First thrower Leslie Compton put up a round hundred and he was followed in the same round by Ted Ditchburn, 81, Henley 102, Chisholm 85, Macpherson 95, Burgess 80.

Jack Solomons Does It Again

(By Archie Quick)

JACK Solomons has done it again.

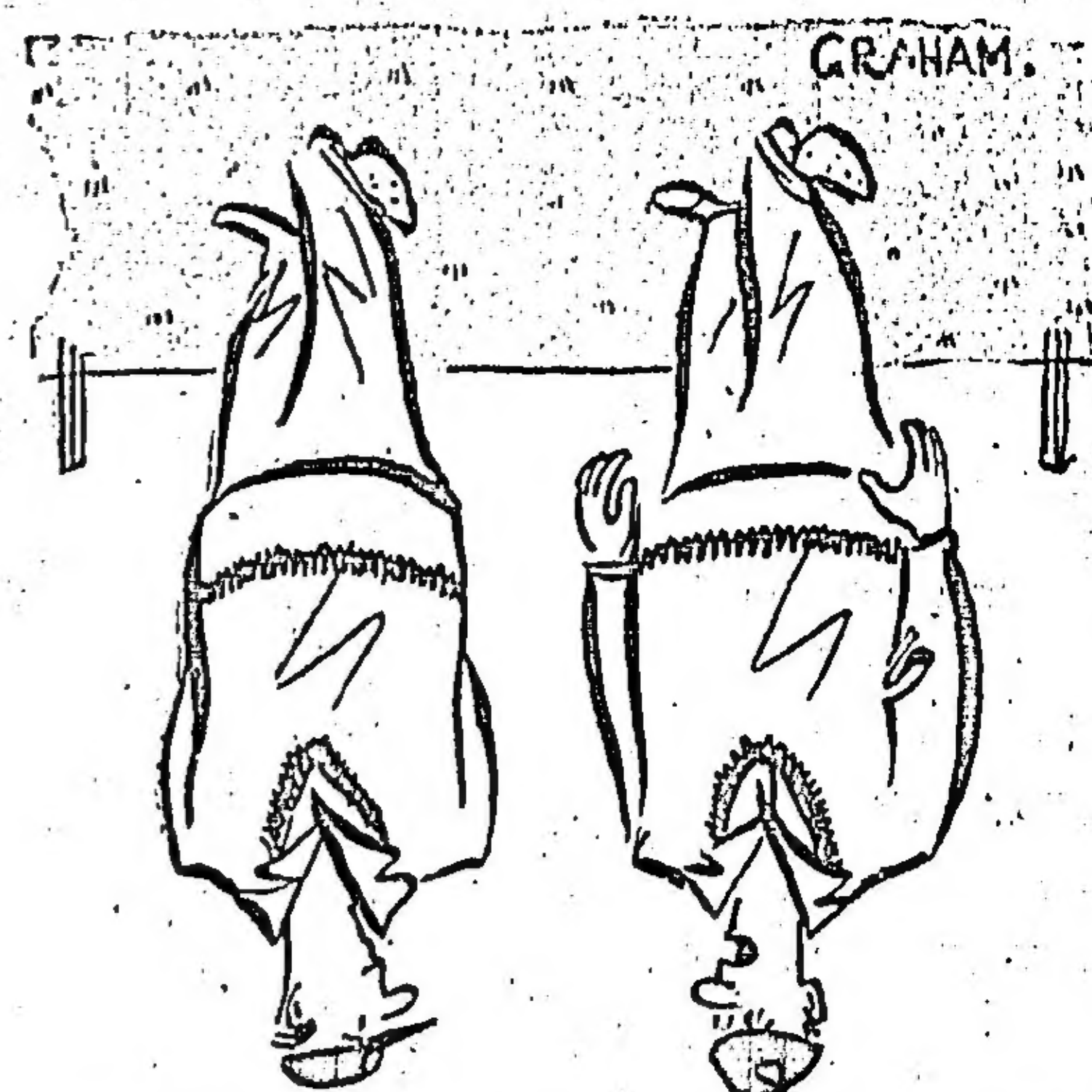
Having introduced us to the Tandbergs, Martins and Renets, he now produces out of the bag—after a trip to Czechoslovakia, mark you—a gentleman named Signor Bertolo Julio Spagnolo, who, he tells us, is twenty-four years old, weighs nearly fourteen stones—very important this—that he has defeated one Louis Musina, about which I could not care less.

The Italian with a name like one of Billy Merston's gondolier songs is, we are told, a fit and proper opponent for our Bruce Woodcock at Harringway on December 17. Maybe, but he is not suitable when good English money has to be put for the spectacle of another un-Roman, holiday.

I know only too well that Bruce must get ring experience, and that he is in lonely isolation here so far as good opposition is concerned, but does the matching of him with these various Latin and Nordic nonentities help him on his way to a world title fight? The Martin Anasco was a case in point. What did Woodcock's three rounds, totalling seven minutes in the ring, teach him? When Woodcock meets Spagnolo or whatever his name is, it should be a tip-top second fight to compensate the paying public.

We are seriously told in the Spagnolo build-up that he defeated Musina, who defeated Tandberg, and do you remember what a scared weary pulled off the shelf—Eddie Phillips—did to Tandberg. Errrrr! Much more to my liking is Solomons' idea of putting on a heavy-weight novices competition at the Royal Albert Hall on December 2. I have seen some wonderful punches thrown in rough and tumble in the Army. Why can't they be reproduced in the ring? Somewhere there must be at least one embryo Woodcock. Solomons stipulates that entries must be 18-24 years of age, over six feet tall and minimum 13 stones in weight. At the moment he has three entries—a giant from Shoreditch, an ex-Marine from Derby and a Buckinghamshire farmer. I should think there are 10 hopefuls about somewhere.

Remarkable thing about these competitions—and Hulls ran many between the wars—they have never produced an outstanding performer. Without exception, a man has won, shone for a while and then disappeared into the mist. Let us hope that this latest effort will provide a break from the rule and that for once we shall have a heavyweight who will train on.



'Of course, down here playing conditions are vastly different.'

FASTBALL CORNER

DIRECTION SECONDARY CONSIDERATION IN LAST WEEK'S SLUGFESTS

(By "Spectator")

HARD hitting was the order of the day in last Sabbath's two League games in which all the teams on view generally indulged in slugfests with direction only a secondary consideration.

The Giants who have a strong all-round side, however, played loose ball, but managed to defeat a much improved Hotshot squad seven runs to four. Prexy Doc Molthen's Baseball Club fared none too well, going down to the tune of 15 runs to nil to a gang of speedy, swiping Rovers.

Outfit five to four, better ball sense served in good stead in the victory of Charlie Figueroa's rough-riding Giants in a game or errors. Starting off shakily when they committed a few of the silliest blunders—for which some of their more reliable players were responsible—they allowed the devil-may-care Hotshots to hold them to three all for the initial five innings.

Things looked grim for the Giants until Figueroa himself burst into the scoring column in the first of the sixth frame. By a near-hit he got to first. Then in a determined effort he dived on all fours to beat the throw, robbing the keystone

the Baseballers, who comprise a team of players amongst them, were not at the game for years and last Sunday was their first outing. That was probably the reason for the galore of errors with wild throws predominant. Also, they might have found the sandy pitch awkward unused to such. As players individually, however, it could be readily seen that pitcher Charlie Rittenhouse could hurl them with speed and with an easy motion; that Big Chief Jack Drager knows his stuff behind the home plate; that Ernie Heather has plenty of what it takes to play ball; and so forth.

Rovers' easy triumph, on the other hand, could not be belittled in the least. They played snappy ball and hit hard and often and did not miss much. If they pay more attention to things like different plays for

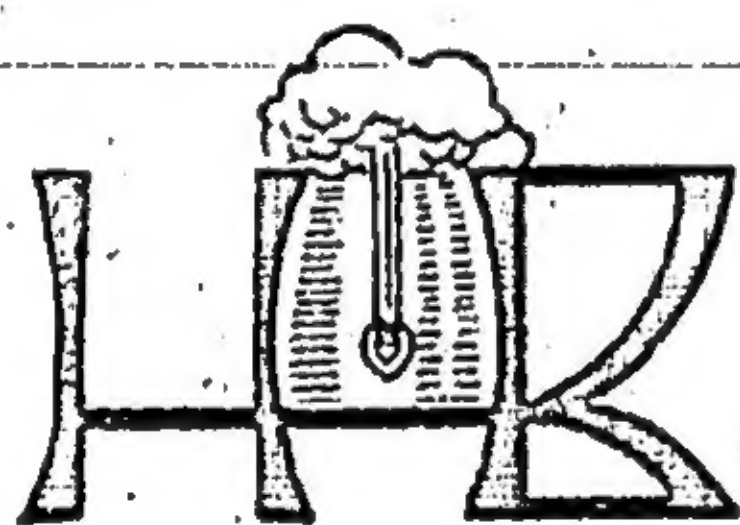


The Canadian Chinese fastball team which recently defeated St. Joseph's in their League encounter—Ming Yuen.

station, where he was advanced to third on a sacrifice. A well placed clutch drive for a double by powerful mace-mauler Achter Baker sent him home for the leading run. That tally meant the turn of the tide for the Giants, who thereafter returned an inkling of the fiery and tricky ball playing that this combination are capable of. They went on to score another three runs against which, the Hotshots replied with only one.

THE honours of the day were claimed by Acker Baker, who registered a Grand slam homer and a two-bagger, which were the longest hits of the game. His performance was followed creditably by Hotshot Jerry Horn-Perera. His slashed out two hits out of three times at bat. Giant Charlie Quinn did well to have brought in two tallies with a neat single and a sacrifice. None of the Hotshot runs were brought in but were the result of errors made by the winners. Although losing, the youthful Hotshots put up a rollicking good showing. They are an inexperienced team, however, but showed that they are good material. They should do better if a more experienced player were to take them into his fold to show them the bag of tricks.

A merry-go-round was the fracas between the Rovers and the Hongkong Baseball Club with the former on the right side of the merriest. Fifteen runs scored with nary a return is definitely nothing to write home about, but against this, it was not unlikely that



This is all wrong



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NURSERY WAR HASN'T STARTED YET

By RICHARD ELLEY

WHILE reports from America say Junior is now plunging his sister with such educational toys as the Gamma-Ray Destructor, war and postwar weapon development seem to have left the English nursery pretty cold.

The main reason is the current shortage of toys and materials for making toys. Although there are still not enough to meet demands there are more toys than last year, but more than three-quarters of the toy-maker's output is earmarked for export and ideas and blueprints, like some of those intended for grimmer purposes, are becoming obsolete before they go into production.



"Simpkins—remind me to recommend you for promotion."

Only in a few lines are children getting toys developed from 1939-45 weapons, and in these the air-minded child is streets better off than the one with nautical ideas or the very poor third whose passion is the Army.

For the future RAF type there is a magnificent collection of build-your-own scale model aeroplanes, from the homely Wellington to the exotic Spitfire (Mark I and Mark II) to the sinister ME 109 and ME 262, the screaming Hellcat to the gentle Horna glider, the fiery Typhoon to the stately Lysander, and before Christmas the range of jet-planes is expected to include the record-breaking Meteor. To accommodate these models, some of which fly, the enthusiast can buy hangars and other airfield fittings, including tables and chairs with aircrew taking tea.

THE warship fancier can get plenty of model warships, many of which claim to be to scale, but few of them will sail even in a bathtub. They are mostly "waterline models," that is they stop short at the waterline. They range from finger-long, badly finished specimens to sleek, plastic, assemble-yourself scale models, the latest of which are Tribal and Javelin class destroyers, complete with guns, turrets, pom-poms, davits and searchlights which can be moved about to fit into a battle scene.

But the would-be soldier, if he wants to be up-to-date, will probably have to be content with a

Jeep this Christmas. Anyway, it will be a good one because model jeeps, wooden or metal, pull-on-a-string or clockwork, all seem to be as sturdily built as the full-size prototypes; and there are some very good pedal-car jeeps, complete with movable windscreen, spare wheel and fender, but like Daddy's new car—if he's got one—they are rather austere and they are a bit hard to sit on.

An American firm is putting scale-model tanks with movable turrets on the market; they are precision-made models of Sherman's, Tigers, Churchills and others, and are very effective for staging battle scenes, but the tracks don't turn and it is unlikely that there will be many on the market before Christmas.

TOY soldiers will be completely absent from this year's stockings. The reason is that the Government just will not release lead to make toy soldiers. One of London's biggest toy shops reports that customers are not bothering them unduly for soldiers; instead they are clamouring for electric trains and other mechanical toys which, like the soldiers, they can't have.

There are one or two forts available, but they are pre-war models, in design a mixture of the medieval and the Foreign Legion types and not much use to the young man who wants to reconstruct the West Wall or the Mareth Line. And anyway, what's the use of a fort without soldiers to attack and defend it?

The artillery expert can have a few guns, but they are pre-war models of field, siege and AA design and often of unspecified types. None the less, Daddy, they are better than the one you had when you were a boy because some not only shoot pellets right across the sitting-room but fire a cap simultaneously, are breech-loading and have ingenious gadgets for fixing bearings and elevation. But if you want a 17-pounder or a 7.2 gun-how, you'll just have to wait.

ANOTHER pre-war toy you can have is a searchlight, which throws a strong beam from torch-battery juice. It's fun, especially if you can get grandfather to chase the beam round the room. War toys nearer life-size are in very short supply. There are some tin swords and some of those old theatrical daggers with blades that disappear into the handle, which an imaginative youngster might adapt as Commando knives. There are also a few crude wooden sub-machine guns, but no rifles or nice new things like bazookas.

The nursery library has acquired little from World War II. You can find one or two works such as "Calling All Arms" (with 130 illustrations) and a boys' book on the naval war, then "Little Allies" (fairly dated tales of 14 nations), and "Sovietbus" seem to owe something to recent history, but generally the old stuff about fairies, animals and adventurous boys and girls goes on in much the same way.

Warlike jig-saw puzzles are almost none: in a large collection I saw only two that had anything to do with the Services. Among games of the "Snakes and Ladders" and "Monopoly" variety, I felt pretty sure of seeing an "Alamain" "Normandy" or "Battle of Britain" I was told there was nothing to sell that wasn't there to sell in 1939.

EVEN in the conjuror's section of a big shop, which should have been a certainty for Radnor and Atomic tricks, there was nothing of the sort. True, there is an Atomic Rope Trick, but it is just a better way of doing the cut-rope-trick—mysteriously—becomes—whole-again business; also, advertised under heading of "Spring Goods" were "Self-Locking" "Spirals" which might have received some inspiration from the immortal soya link. But I was told that most of the new ideas were pigeon-holed because manufacturers simply couldn't get around to making the essential gadgets.

Keeping the war out of the nursery may or may not be a good thing, but it's a little hard on Father when he wants to demonstrate just how things were when he won his 1939-45 Star.

SHOP EARLY IS GOOD ADVICE

PERHAPS it is unnecessary to remind you this year to shop early and avoid the crowds. Having experienced the daily throngs in the streets and the press of people on the ferries, trams and buses, you probably have already determined to do so. It's a wise course. Imagine the lot of the last-minute shopper, laden with bundles, and offspring tugging coat or dress perhaps, trying to force a passage on to a ferry!

Write down now what you want to buy, then examine the advertisements to see if the articles offered answer your requirements. Note down on your list the names of the shops, and make your purchases from them early in the next 11 days. Remember, there are only 11 more days to Christmas.

JUDICIOUS shoppers are everywhere already at work. A message from London received this week says that the West End is crowded out with early Christmas shoppers. Every day, thousands of women, many of them with children under school age, flock to the West End from the suburbs and the county towns in search of bargains. Cheap shoppers' trains, recently restored, disgorge thousands of shoppers in London every morning.

Not in seven years has the West End seen such crowds. Not in seven years have the shops had such a display of gifts, useful and useless, novel or purely decorative, as they have for this first non-nuclear Christmas.

The British housewife is on a shopping spree, buying for Christmas for herself, for her house, for her friends. But most of all she is buying for the children.

AMERICANS are also looking forward to the biggest and merriest Christmas they have had since before the war. John L. Lewis was probably thinking of Christmas

when he called off the miners' strike. American cities are full of department stores, and these are already doing a roaring trade, according to a survey. Americans are also shopping early.

Gifts for children and women are plentiful, says the report, but the man in the family isn't getting much of a chance, for neckties seem to be the only thing available for him.

Macy's, the big New York store, which did \$3,000,000 business last year in the week before Christmas, expects to average between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 this year. A Los Angeles retailer said: "This should easily be the biggest Christmas in the history of department stores."

British goods are on display in American stores this year. Bicycles made in England are popular. One shipment offered for sale a few days ago was snapped up almost immediately.

EUROPEAN countries are also looking forward to the best Christmas in seven years. Although high prices will rule, prospects for the first Christmas free from the shadow of war and immediate postwar chaos point toward brighter nearths, better toys and more inviting food.

Reports from France and Italy, and even occupied Germany, show that while the black market would continue to benefit, the little man would be able to obtain something through the legitimate channels.

Hundreds of restaurants in France are now serving excellent meals at moderate prices, and the food situation appears to be good for the holidays. There is also a growing improvement in food stocks in Italy and Germany.

Allied troops in Italy and occupied Germany, according to one report, are planning to give parties for the children. It will be a boon to parents whose savings and earnings go to the black market to buy necessities. The children will get toys, candy, clothing, soap, etc. which will be useful also to their families.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE PIE

MAGIC SQUARE

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

1. VENTURE
2. GIVEN SPACE
3. BACK
4. WORK FOR REWARD

WHEN CORRECTLY
FILLED IN, THE SQUARE
WILL READ THE SAME
DOWN AS ACROSS

CODE MESSAGE

B @ 25
2 9
CUR L8

CAN YOU DECIPHER IT?

SUM IT UP!

FILL IN THE AMOUNT OF EACH
ITEM ON THIS BILL—

HENRY VIII
WHAT DID HE WEAR? ...
NORTH AND SOUTH POLES
KIND OF PIG
LEATHER WORKER

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AT A
TIME

(Solution on Next Page)



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Christmases They've Never Forgotten

...as told by 3 Chelsea Pensioners

JAMES ELLAWAY, aged 80, has to think back a long way because he was only 27 when he spent it in the Nubian Desert. Sixty-two years is a long time and oblivion is inclined to slip into the mind. But he can never forget completely, because it was the dullest Christmas he ever spent.

He was in the Royal Berkshire Transport Corps, and it was with a company of the Corps—part of Sir Herbert Stewart's force—that he found himself, as corporal of the rear guard, trudging across the barren desert on Christmas Day, 1904.

Away ahead was Abuklea, and Abuklea meant water, and as it turned out, a bloody battle. And beyond Abuklea was Khartoum, where a man with grey hair which got whiter as the days passed was holding out against the slope. But Gordon was assassinated before the relief force got to him. James just remembers the lack of water—fancy Christmas without a drink!—and the taste of sand in the bully which was their Christmas fare, the steady trek of the camels, and the sweet relief from under the helmet. Pictoum, Pictoum, Pictoum was just a one-eyed place—a dozen houses

By Peter Lawrence

down the scorched cheeks and soaked into his red tunic. His shirt under his heavy pack was one sodden mass and the heat quivered above the barren desert as far as the eye could see.

There should have been snow instead of sand and a crisp frost in place of this sultry air. He remembered telling Lieutenant Godfrey, Godfrey died at Abuklea.

"Yes, that was my worst Christmas," said James. "I was glad when later Lord Wolseley ordered us back home."

THE NICEST is often in the thoughts of Fred Hardiman, born in 1859. It was spent at Pinetown, a day's march from Durban. It was 1899 and marked the end of a very long trek after the glorious but expensive battle of Rorke's Drift.

After months of Zulu hunting in the veldt they had come to Pietermaritzburg where the population had turned out to cheer the South Wales Borderers and to present them with a springbok to replace their lost goat. After

round the railroad from Durban—but to the troops it was heaven. They went under canvas and built themselves a canteen of timber. It was 200 feet long, and 50 men went down to the railroad to fetch the beer. They hadn't been paid for two years and the colonel ordered a daily pay parade.

"We could have as much as we wanted—even £5—but there was nothing to spend it on except beer," said Fred. Only one day did they go without pay. That was Christmas Day when everyone except the cooks and sentries had a rest.

At dinner—and what a dinner, for there was both beef and mutton—the officers came to see them, and the sergeants waited on them. The colonel arrived and they drank his health.

"We could afford to for we had a barrel of beer to every table," said Fred. "That beer lasted us days. I have never seen so much in all my life. And good beer you got in those days, too!"

After dinner they all rested in their tents and had the most peaceful time they had had for months. No, they did not even have to do P.T. on Boxing Day, or turn out to see the sergeants play the officers

at football. The colonel said everyone was to rest, and rest they did. When the SWB's left to camp at Durban for Gibraltar, Fred stayed behind. He joined Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff as a fatigue man and did not return to the depot at Brecon until 1899. But that Christmas lingers on in his mind.

BUT then Sergeant Jimmy Delplano has had an unusual life. He was born in Chamberwell in 1869, went to school at Brighton—Fred Archer, the jockey, was a school pal—went to France at the age of 19, ran away from home to come back to England to join the Royal Sussex, and after his Army service returned to Paris to become a salesman in a perfumery.

With an Army career behind him, it was not surprising that when war broke out in 1914 he tried to get back to Chichester to join his old regiment, and not really surprised that when he found he could not get a sea passage he joined the French Foreign Legion instead. That was how he came to spend the oddest Christmas—in 1914, at Chemin des Dames, on the Somme.

(Continued on Page 12)

JUST A FEW REMINDERS

When one thinks of the hundreds of little things which the average housewife has to remember, we can readily forgive and understand if she forgets occasionally. However, every good housewife hates forgetting things, for it usually happens that she forgets something which upsets things rather badly—as well as herself! Here are a few hints about the things you may forget if you are not very careful.

Be sure you have laid up a good stock of tinned milk, condensed or evaporated. If you can get tinned or bottled cream, it's useful.

Do not get too much bread in. People eat less bread at Christmas time than any other time in the year. Average your usual supply, and allow about two loaves extra, and you will find you will not be bravely trying to eat stale bread for the next fortnight.

Make certain that your stove or cooker is in perfect order. If it is not, have matters put right as soon as possible.

Get all the cooking done on Christmas Eve, to leave the oven free for the turkey. Make sure that you have a pan big enough for the turkey.

Test all your electrical fittings to see that they are in order. Get out your prettiest lampshades and see that there are one or two spare bulbs in the house in case of accidents over the holidays—especially if ping pong figures on your programme.

Nowhere to go ... by HILDA COE

THIS week and next are for most of us the best time of the year. Bright hearts, gay parties, laughter, good food and drink, robin redbreast Christmas cards and "Just what we wanted" presents send our spirits right up in the air.

Now let us spend a few minutes reflecting that the best time for the majority is, by contrast, the worst time for others. There are hundreds of lonely people of all ages and, of all conditions whose loneliness will be harder to bear this week and to the end of the year because they are out of everything.

Once they may have been members of a big happy family now scattered. Husband or wife may have died, and the children have homes of their own in places where they are out of reach. Some of the lonely ones will be those who in earlier, brighter days, always "kept themselves to themselves" because they disapproved of gossip. Now they long for a friend.

I write on this subject with sympathy because when my father died I gave up my home—I was twenty-four—I spent four desperately lonely years.

ONE or two friends used to invite me to visit them, and I remember so well looking at the clock and wondering how much longer I could stay, while I am pretty certain they were looking at it and wondering when I was going. We get like that when we are lonely.

The most miserable thing about loneliness is that it creates a vicious circle. Follow it round and round, and see what may ultimately happen to us. First we get out of touch with people, and we are driven a bit into ourselves. Our pride rises up in protest, and our manner changes: we are stand-offish, cool.

Then it is only a step to being brusque and austere, or, if we are not of that temperament, we may become peevish and petulant.

After that! Shrew ill-temper and an inmost feeling that the world hates us, so we hate the world.

It is worth a superhuman effort to keep out of the circle or, if we think we're in it, to leave ourselves out, even at the risk of looking a bit ungainly while we are doing it.

Are you lonely? It would be inhuman to say, "Don't give way to self-pity." Do give way, if you want to, for a little while, but don't let this comforting bit of self-indulgence get out of bounds. Presently—the sooner the better—you must face your lonely self, and ask what you are going to do about it.

Can you find some one lonelier or poorer than you to share your Christmas? I put this question because loneliness and poverty, though they often go hand in hand, don't always.

If your answer is that you do not know any one like that, ask the parish priest or your next-door neighbour if they can make suggestions. You will almost certainly hear of somebody too deeply entangled in the vicious circle to pull themselves out without help, to whom you can offer a friendly hand.

LONELINESS is different from solitude, which is a temporary and wholly satisfying state.

The difference between solitude and loneliness is that in loneliness there is no one near at hand to love, no one to give us love. We may not be able to make anybody love us, but we can not find some one to whom we can give love?

The great point is not to be particular. It is no use waiting until you have persuaded the person you wish to be your friend to want your friendship. That person may have more to do with, and will therefore be out of sympathy with your devotion.

It pays to be active for friendship. If you go out of your way this Christmas to be friendly, you will, with luck, break down those barriers which now imprison you in a pathetic isolation, and which may be of your own making, though not deliberately of your own seeking.

DO make quite sure that you don't want to hug your loneliness, for if you do no one can help you.

Caroline's Christmas

(Continued from Page 3)

THE hours passed, and kept passing. It was 11.30. Then suddenly Anna started from her place.

"Henry!" she cried as the door opened and the man entered. He advanced gladly to meet her, and in a moment mother and son were folded in a close embrace. It was Henry, the man from Sing-Sing. True to his word, he had slipped away unostentatiously at the height of the festivities.

"Alas," said the mother after the warmth of the first greetings had passed, "you come at an unlucky hour." They told him of the mortgage on the farm and the ruin of his home.

"Yes," said Anna, "not even a bed to offer you," and she spoke of the stranger who had arrived; of the stricken woman and the child, and the rich man in the sealskin coat who had asked for a night's shelter.

Henry listened intently while they told him of the man, and a sudden light of intelligence flashed into his eye.

"By Heaven, father, I have it!" he cried. Then, dropping his voice, he said, "Speak low, father. This man upstairs, he had a sealskin coat and silk hat?"

"Yes," said the father. "I saw a man sitting in a sleigh in the cedar swamp. He had money in his hand, and he counted it and chuckled—five dollar gold pieces—in all, 1,125 dollars and a quarter."

The father and son looked at one another.

"I see your idea," said Enderby sternly.

"We'll choke him," said Henry.

"Or club him," said the farmer, "and pay the mortgage."

Anna looked from one to the other, joy and hope struggling with the sorrow in her face. "Henry, my Henry," she said proudly, "I knew he would find a way."

"Come on," said Henry, "bring the lamp, mother, take the club, father, and gaily, but with hushed voices, the three stole up the stairs."

THE stranger lay sunk in sleep.

The back of his head was turned to them as they came in.

"Now, mother," said the farmer firmly, "hold the lamp a little nearer; just behind the ear I think, Henry."

"No," said Henry, rolling back his sleeve and speaking with the quick authority that sat well upon him, "across the jaw, father, it's quicker and neater."

"Well, well," said the farmer, smiling proudly, "have your own way, lad; you know best."

Henry raised the club.

But as he did so—slay, what was that? Far away behind the cedar swamp the deep booming of the bell of the village church began to strike out midnight. One, two, three, its tones came clear across the crisp air. Almost at the same moment the clock below began with deep strokes to mark the midnight hour; from the farmyard chicken coop a rooster began to crow twelve times, while the loud lowing of the cattle

and the soft cooing of the hogs seemed to usher in the musing of Christmas with its message of peace and goodwill.

THE club fell from Henry's hand and rattled on the floor.

The sleeper woke and sat up.

"Father! Mother!" he cried. "My son, my son," sobbed the father, "we had guessed it was you. We had come to wake you."

"Yes, it is I," said William, smiling to his parents, "and I have brought the million dollars. Here it is," and with that he unstrapped the belt from his waist and laid a million dollars on the table.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Anna, "our troubles are at an end. This money will help clear the mortgage—and the greed of Pinchem and Co. cannot harm us now."

"The farm was mortgaged!" said William, sighing.

"Ay," said the farmer, "mortgaged to men who have no conscience, whose greedy hand has nearly brought us to the grave. See how she has aged, my boy," and he pointed to Anna.

"Father," said William, in deep tones of contrition, "I am Pinchem and Co. Heaven help me! I see it now. I see at what expense of suffering my fortune was made. I will restore it all, those million dollars, to those I have wronged."

"No," said his mother softly, "You repent, dear son, with true Christian repentance. That is enough. You may keep the money. We will look upon it as a trust, a sacred trust, and every time we spend a dollar of it on ourselves we will think of it as a trust."

"Your mother is right, the money is a trust, and we will restore the farm with it, buy out the Jones's property, and regard the whole thing as a trust."

At this moment the door of the room opened. A woman's form appeared. It was Caroline, robed in one of Anna's diaphanous nightgowns.

"I heard your voices," she said. And then, as she caught sight of Henry, she gave a great cry.

"My wife," said Henry, and folded her to his heart.

"You have left Sing-Sing?" cried Caroline, with joy.

"Yes, Caroline," said Henry. "I shall never go back."

Gaily the reunited family descended. Anna carried the lamp, Henry carried the club. William carried the million dollars.

The buttermilk circulated from hand to hand. William and Henry told and retold the story of their adventures.

The first stroke of the Christmas morn fell through the doorpane.

"Ah, my sons," said John Enderby, "henceforth let us stick to the narrow path. What is it that the Good Book says: 'A straight line is that which lies evenly between its extreme points.'"

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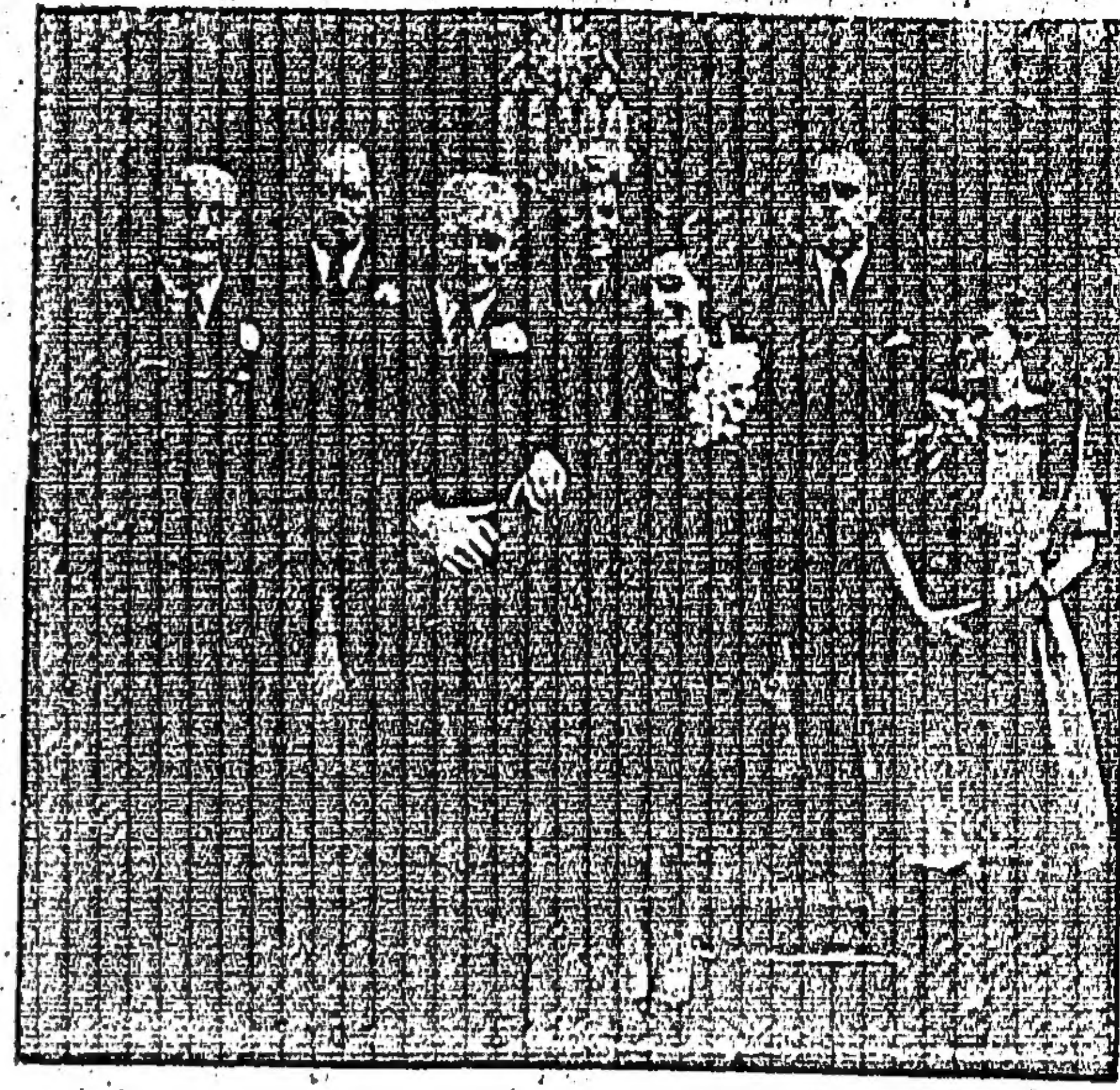
PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



AT ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL last Saturday, Miss Gwenna Read, of the British Red Cross, was married to Lt Cdr William Pattison Goodfellow, DSC, RNVR. A large number of friends were present at the Cathedral and later at the reception in the Hongkong Hotel. (Ming Yuen).



CHRISTENING—Suzanna Marie, infant daughter of Mr R. H. J. Brooks, Fire Brigade officer, and Mrs Brooks, was christened at St Joseph's Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen).



CIVIL SERVANT WED—Mr John Redman, acting Government chemist, and Miss Betty Cain were married at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. Photo taken after the ceremony. (Ming Yuen).



REGISTRY WEDDING—Mr Leslie Arthur Calcraft and Miss Winifred Louise Byford-Jones who were married at the Registry last week. (Mec Cheung).



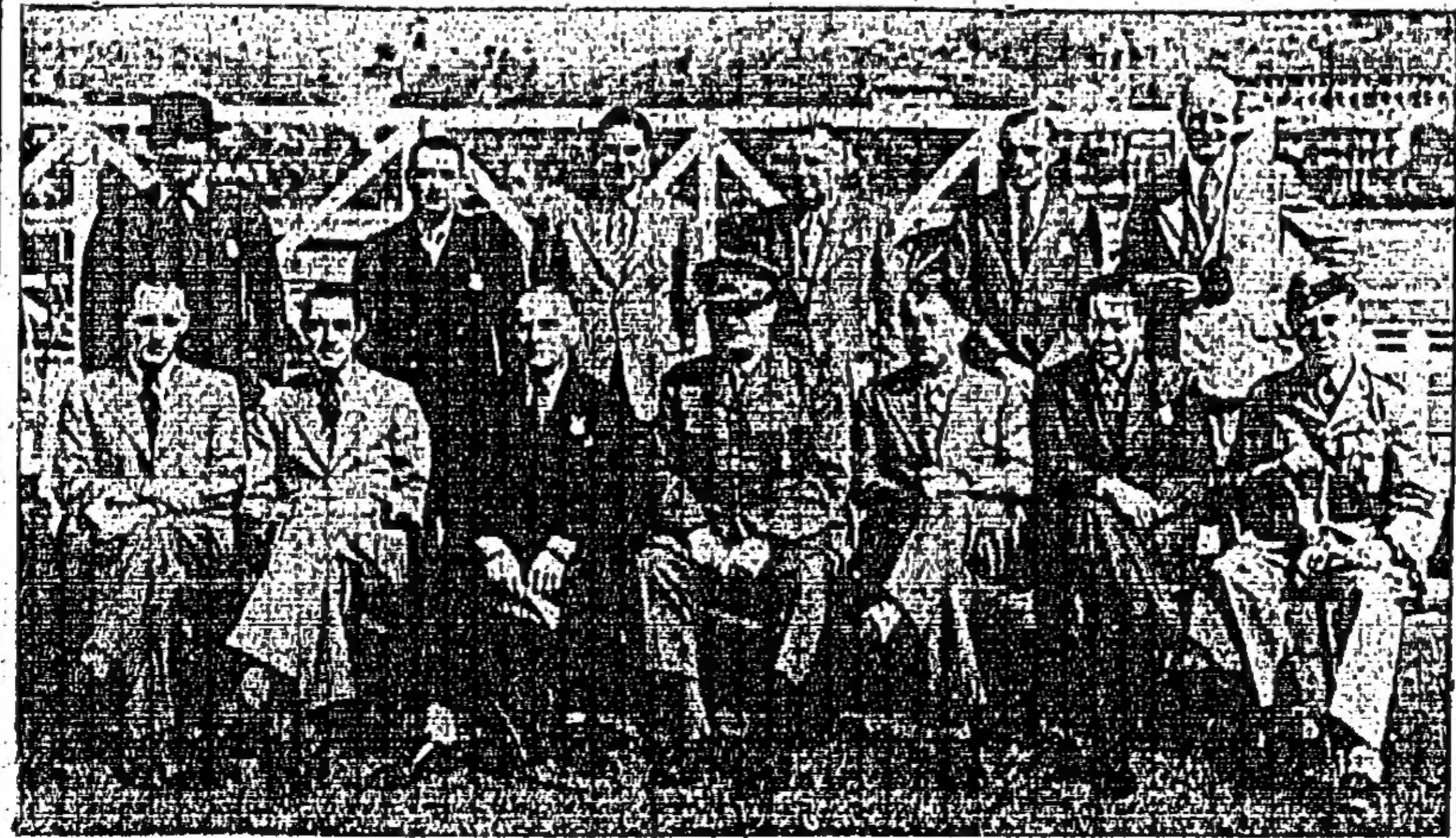
FORMER RESIDENTS—Mr W. C. Essex-Clark, MIE, an old Hongkong resident, has been appointed a director of Messrs. Lane & Thompson, Ltd., South African engineers, whose headquarters are at Cape Town. Picture shows Mr and Mrs Essex-Clark.



GROUP taken after the wedding at St John's Cathedral last week of Mr Liang Lai-yuen, son of Mr and Mrs Liang Chi-hao, and Miss Gladys Cheung, daughter of Mr and Mrs Andrew Cheung. Both families are prominent in Chinese society. (Golden Studio).



PHOTO of the Executive in charge of the diocesan finance campaign of the Chung Hwa Sheng Kung Hui, the Chinese Protestant body. Left to right:—(front row) Mr Li Fook-wo, Bishop Hall, Mr Chung Kwan-ting, Bishop Halward, Mr Lam Chik-suen; (back row) Rev Paul Tso, Mr Tsang Koon-kok, Archdeacon Mo Yung-yin, Dr C. J. Harth, Rev George She and Rev Y. L. Chung. (Ming Yuen).



STEWARDS and officials of the Hongkong Services Race Club, which has just concluded a successful season's racing. Left to right:—(front row) Major Robertson, Major Hodgman, Mr N. O. C. Marsh, Brigadier Lindsay, Air Commodore Webster, Hon. Dr S. N. Chau and Col. Edgar; (back row) Capt Pearn, Cdr Gregory, Col Reynolds, Mr G. A. Harriman, Col. Saunders and Cdr. Lawrence. (Golden Studio).



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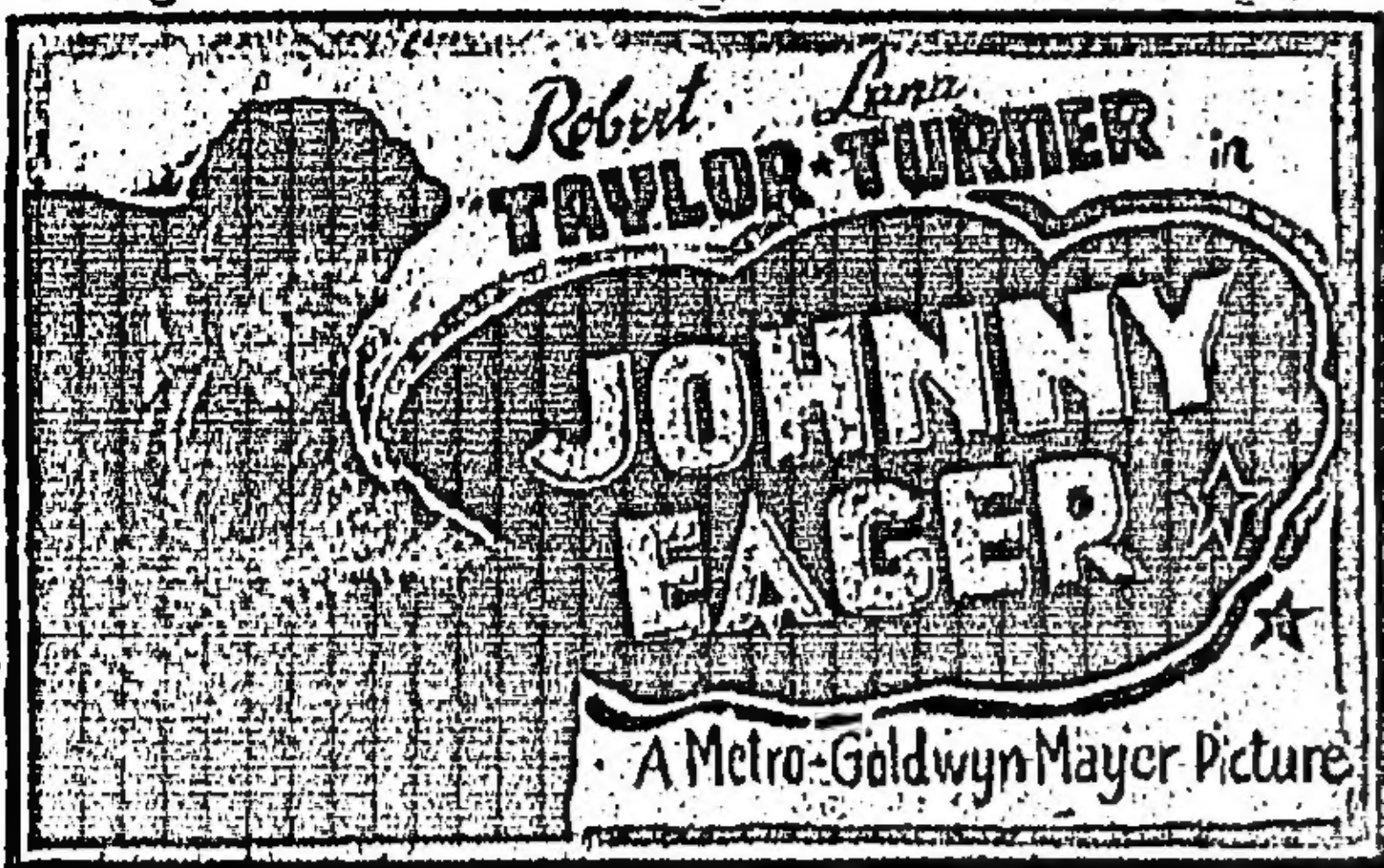
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INTERNMENT "Raffles Of Singapore" On Visit Here

This is the fourth of a short series of verse composed in Shamsulpo Camp during the dark days of imprisonment under the Japanese. The fifth of the series will appear next Saturday.

BUGS

They crushed their chairs upon the floor;
They stamped;
They raved;
They cursed;
They swore;
They flew by thousands in the war
Against BUGS!

They squirmed and scratched all through the night.
Great lumps
Arose
From every
Bite.
They did their damndest in the light
Against BUGS!

The colonels puffed and muttered
'Hell.'
They tried
All ways
To quell
The plague.
Said one, "A goat is roses to the
Of BUGS!"

ANON.

January, 1943.

MALAYAN WAR CLAIMS

London, Dec. 13. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Crouch Jones, replying to questions in the House of Commons yesterday about war damage claims in Malaya, said: "Details in terms of reference to the Malayan War Damage Claims Commission have not yet been settled. It is, however, intended that the Commission shall examine all claims received by them and submit reports thereon to the Malayan Governments. Until these reports have been received and considered, it will not be possible for decisions to be taken as to the extent to which compensation will be awarded."

The setting up of a claims commission does not mean that the governments concerned have committed themselves finally to paying compensation of certain specified kinds of loss and have disclaimed liabilities in respect of all other kinds.

There is no direct relation between the amount of awards which will be made and the amount of reparations which may be received from the Japanese, and until the total amounts of admitted claims is known, it will not be possible to say what relation the amount of compensation granted will bear to claims admitted.—Reuter.

An interesting visitor to Hongkong, who has done more safebreaking since the re-occupation than the most professional burglar would do in a lifetime, is Mr. W. J. Yettton, overseas general manager and engineer of the Chatwood Safe Co.

Called upon by the British Government and Far Eastern banks, he was sent to Malaya in a fast cruiser, the Jamaica, immediately after the Japanese capitulation, to open up government and bank vaults. His work there caused the press in England and South Africa to give him the dubious title of "Raffles of Singapore."

It was strenuous work while it lasted, but was exciting and good fun, Mr. Yettton told a reporter.

When the Japanese occupied Burma, Malaya and other Far Eastern territories, they took all that they wanted out of the vaults they found open or were able to open. In a few weeks Mr. Yettton was called to open a vault of the Bank of China in Ipoh. The premises had been used by the Japanese as an opium distributing centre, and it was suspected that there would be opium inside the vault. It took some considerable time to open the massive Chatwood vault door; other people had made serious attempts before, but without success. When Mr. Yettton succeeded in getting it open, police and customs men found \$250,000 worth of opium and \$10,000,000 of "banana money" inside.

There is a great deal of work to be done in the rehabilitation of former occupied countries, and Mr. Yettton, when he leaves Hongkong, will proceed again to Malaya, then to Siam, Burma and Java. Later he will visit the Middle East and Africa.

It is nearly 100 years since Chatwood's made their first safes, and since then it has been a continuous struggle against the wiles of the burglar. Chatwood's were the first people to combat the blowpipe-burglar effectively.

When the Bank of England was rebuilt, three-quarters of the security work was entrusted to the firm, which also made a model safe, no larger than a match-box, for the Queen's Dollhouse.

In 1939, the Company gave up making safes and turned their attention to making munitions for the total war. Now, they have returned to their century-old business. The war has brought out many new scientific devices, and the Chatwood laboratory, the finest of its kind in England, is putting a lot of these devices to the test in a continuous effort to produce still safer safes.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING

ZBW on 845 kc from 12.30-1.15, 6.30-7.30 and 9-11 p.m., also 9.52 m.c.
Variety 6.40. Test commentary 6.50. Variety 7. London relay; news 7.15. Studio: "See Tee's" soccer commentary, 7.25. Interlude 7.30. Studio: Unit Requests, New Long Calling Air Headquarters. 8. John McCormack, 8.30. London relay: Vic Oliver introduces, 9. A picnic in an old barn on Christmas evening. The post had arrived and there were parcels from their old firms and from the people at home.

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SOCCER COMMENT

(Continued from Page 8)

to maintain the balance of the league table. Many followers of the local game were much disappointed in the sound defeat which Sing Tao's second team handed out to Wireless, their chief challengers for the Second Division championship. Wireless have brought off many surprise results this season but none was more surprising to me than their very severe defeat by Sing Tao. Team changes, particularly in defence may account for some of the goals.

Every credit must be given to Sing Tao's second string, though. Here indeed is a cradle of good talent. Clever, quick, between halves and forwards and unusual thrust near goal have placed them in their now almost unchallengeable place at the head of the Second Division.

LINESMEN

THERE are a lot of people who think a Linesman is a chap who waves a flag now and again and who fetches the ball for players. Football law is at some pains to state that the person called a Linesman has certain very definite duties. Primarily a Linesman should indicate when the ball is out of play and which side should take the throw-in. His views, however, are always subject to the decision of the Referee.

It is also the Linesman's duty to direct the attention of the Referee to distinct breaches of the laws of the game and most particularly to those likely to bring the game of football into disrepute. In this connection it is of interest to remember that Law 6 states that Linesmen "must, if such incidents have not come under the notice of the Referee, immediately report them to him." The emphasis on "must" is mine.

Of course a Linesman must know when the ball is in and out of play—most spectators have very hazy ideas on this. The ball is out of play when the whole of it has crossed the touch or goal line; it doesn't matter whether it does so on the ground or in the air. It is also out of play whenever the game is stopped by the Referee. Remember particularly that the whole of the ball must cross the line.

Linesmen naturally are given wider instructions and powers than "Club" linesmen. The Referee is authorised in Law 6 to ask a Linesman's opinion as to whether the ball crossed the goal-line between the posts; in other words to help the Referee to decide whether a goal has been scored.

Christmas They've Never Forgotten

(Continued from Page 10)

There were about 150 Englishmen in the Legion. Like himself they had been working in France. And they were given permission to hold a picnic in an old barn on Christmas evening. The post had arrived and there were parcels from their old firms and from the people at

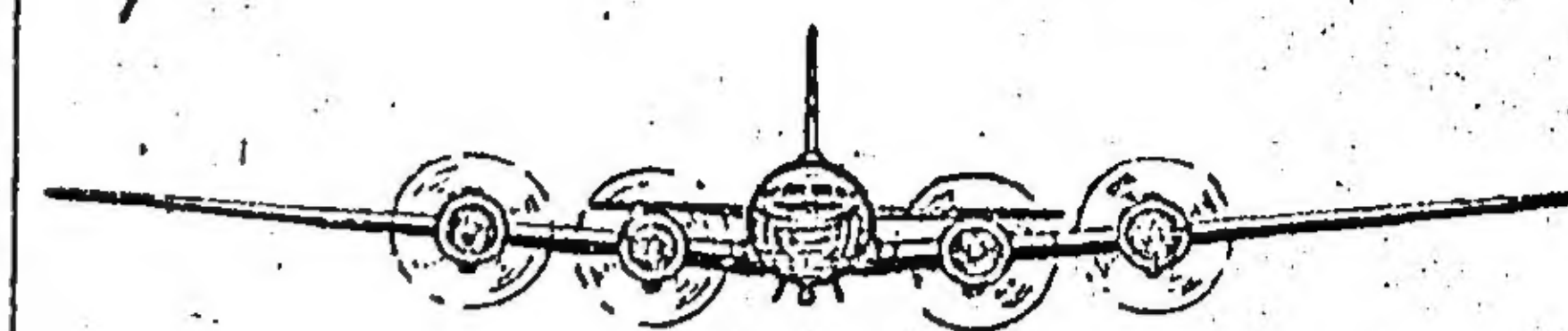
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AT THE KING'S THEATRE

home. To the noise of shells and the rattle of machine-gun fire they undid their parcels and pooled their gifts—tinned foods, candles, matches all the things that are useful in the front line. And the front line was not 200 yards away.

"We had a good feed, but there was only water to drink," said Jimmy. "We had a lot of fun sorting out the gifts. I wanted a candle badly and another chap wanted sardines, so I swapped two sardines for one candle. At eight o'clock we crept out of the barn to go back to the line for stand-by and patrols, carrying our sardines and candles. The French thought us daft."

Delplano did not stay long with

the Legion. After winning the Croix de Guerre he decided that the daily pay of a halpenny was not much when the British Army was paying a shilling. So he got authority to return to Southampton from where he dashed to Chichester, exchanged his French uniform for khaki, and within a few hours was on his way back to France—as Corporal Delplano of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

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